

HELPING HANDS



CHICAGO
A. DONOHUE CO.

GOLDEN YOUTH

TELEPHONE MESSAGE

Date _____ Time _____

To _____

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

of _____

Phone _____

Telephoned

Called to see you

Wants to see you

Please call

Will call again

Returned your call

MESSAGE

This book may
be catalogued
481 already.

Received by: _____

Ada Lingular

Xmas. 1902



HELPING HANDS.



M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY,
407-429 DEARBORN ST.
CHICAGO.

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CHICAGO.

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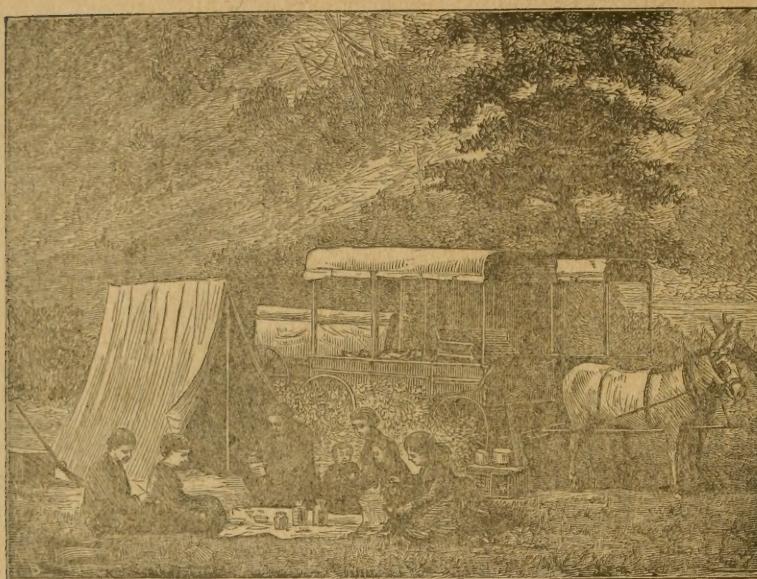
LITTLE HENRY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

HENRY is a little boy only three years old. Last summer he went with his mother, and brother Louis, and uncles and aunts, to travel for a month among the Rocky Mountains.

Nearly every day was spent in riding in the wagon behind the mules, Tom and Hannah. Henry liked to drive the mules; and, when he could get hold of the reins, he would say, "Go long, Tom! get up, you rascal!" just as he heard the driver. It was very funny to see him try to hold the reins in one hand, and whip poor old lazy Tom with the other.

Before night the wagons were stopped, the tents pitched, and the great camp-fire lighted. This was one of Henry's happiest hours; for he liked to run about and pick up the dry pine-sticks to throw upon the fire. Then he would laugh,

LITTLE HENRY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.



and clap his hands, to see them burn, and the bright sparks fly up in the air.

There was little danger of his clothes catching fire, because he was dressed all in woollen. Although it was in July, they were up so high among the mountains, that it was very cool; and some days they drove up, up, to where the snow lies all the year. Henry liked to throw snow-balls, and eat the cold snow.

One day they came to a very steep, high hill, called the Ute Pass,—so called because the Ute Indians, who live among the mountains, come down to the plains by that road. It took a great while to get the heavy wagons up the hill; and Tom and Hannah were very hot and tired.

Henry was sorry for them, and wanted to get out and walk with his mamma and Louis: so his uncle cut him a little stick for a cane, and lifted him down from the wagon.

CHARLEY AND FIDO.

How happy he was, walking very slowly, but singing very loud !

By and by his mamma heard a voice calling, "Rags, rags!" and, looking up, she saw that it was little Henry, with his stick over his shoulder, crying, "Rags, rags!" as he remembered to have heard the rag-men in his distant city-home.

But he thought it a very long walk, and said, "Mamma, does this road lead right up to heaven?" It was not strange that he thought so; for the road seemed to end behind a great rock that stood high above them against the clear blue sky.

I should like to tell my little readers of all the beautiful and interesting things that Henry saw in the mountains: perhaps I will some day.

M. E. P.

CHARLEY AND FIDO.



CHARLEY WHITE was a little boy not yet four years old. He had a little dog by the name of Fido. Fido had been taught to stand up on his hind-feet.

One day Charley thought he would have some fun: so he stood Fido up in a chair, and put an apron around him for a coat; then he put his own little hat on Fido's head, and tied a piece of cloth around his neck for a collar.

Just as Charley finished tying on the collar, his Uncle John came in. Uncle John knew well enough what it was that was in the chair; but he pretended that he did not

MAUD AND THE CRICKET.

know, just to please Charley. "Halloo, Charley!" he began. "Got visitors, eh?"

"Yes," said Charley, trying his best to keep from laughing. "Well, who is this little boy?" asked Uncle John, going up, and taking hold of one of Fido's ears. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Charley, unable to hold in any longer. "Why, Uncle John, it's Fido: didn't you know him?"

"Fido!" said Uncle John, starting back, and almost falling over.

"Yes," replied Charley,— "Fido dressed up like a little boy." And Charley laughed till the tears came into his eyes; and Uncle John laughed too; and poor little Fido, who was tired of standing up so long, and feeling a little ashamed of being laughed at, jumped down, and ran and hid under the bed.

MORROW.

MAUD AND THE CRICKET.

"GOOD-NIGHT, little Maudie," I softly said
As I tucked her up in her little bed.

"Good-night, dear mamma," she said to me:
"I'm just as sleepy as I can be."

But I scarcely had shut the chamber-door,
When her eager voice called me back once more:
"O mamma!" she said, "what is it I hear?—
That strange little noise so sharp and queer?"

I listened, and told her all was still
Save a merry cricket piping shrill:
"He is hid away in the closet here,
To sing you to sleep, my Maudie dear."

MAUD AND THE CRICKET.



Then Maud sat up in her night-gown white,
And her eyes grew big and round and bright:
"Now, mamma, please move my little bed
Right up to the closet-door," she said.

"Poor little fellow! he wants to speak;
But all he can say is 'Creak, creak, creak!'
And I want to tell him I hear his song,
And ask him to sing to me all night long!"

MAUD AND THE CRICKET.

“I’ll leave the door open,” I said, “part way,
And let the cricket hear what you say:
Now, while I go to your baby-brother
Two little crickets may sing to each other.”

I heard no more from the little pair;
And, when again I crept up the stair,
Over the household was silence deep,—
Maud and the cricket were both asleep.

But, when sleepy time came to Maud next night,
She pattered about like a fairy white;
Peeped into the closet, and over the floor,
“To find her dear little cricket” once more.

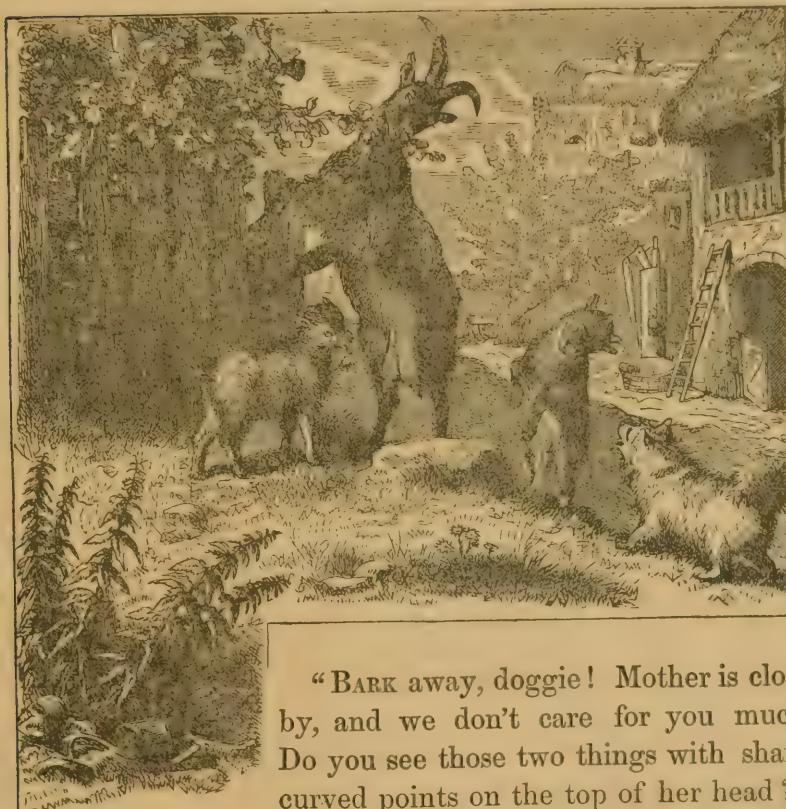
He was not to be seen in any place,
And Maud lay down with a mournful face;
When beneath her crib a voice piped clear,
“Creak, creakity, creak! I’m here! I’m here!”

Then Maudie screamed with surprised delight;
And she always has thought from that self-same night,
That crickets can hear when little girls speak,
And mean a great deal by their “creakity, creak.”

M. H. F.



WHAT THE KID SAID TO THE DOG.



“BARK away, doggie! Mother is close by, and we don’t care for you much. Do you see those two things with sharp curved points on the top of her head?

“Well, suppose you go up and ask her to let you look at them a little closer; or suppose, instead of barking, you try to bite one of us.

“What! you prefer barking, do you? Well, bark away. I could dance all day to that music; that is, if my mother were close by, as now, with those horns of hers all ready.

“You are a funny dog. You don’t like to see goats dance it would seem. Well, what can we do to please you? **I**

THE POOR WOMAN'S COMFORT.

stand on my hind-legs, I frisk and turn round, I do my best to make you gay, and still you bark.

“Now, take my advice, and, if you don’t want to be tossed higher than that ladder you see yonder, run away as fast as your short legs can carry you. I see by her eye that my mother means mischief. So, if you don’t want to be brought to grief, just put a little more space between me and **you**.”



THE POOR WOMAN'S COMFORT.

Poor Ann has one little chicken,
One dear little child — but one ;
And but for that one, poor lonely Ann
Would be in the world alone.

Poor Ann has no lands or houses,
Poor Ann has no store of wealth ;
But she has one little baby,
And with it contentment and health.

HECTOR THE BOASTER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WITH EIGHT DESIGNS BY FROLICH.

HECTOR is a boaster. See him telling of his great deeds. Does he not look like a boaster, with his head raised, one foot advanced, and his hand stretched out?

“This morning,” says Hector, “I rose before everybody else, and went forth. I had made up my mind to climb straight up to the top of the mountain to satisfy myself as to what was going on there.

“Well, after an hour’s hard climbing, I got near the top; when all at once, just as I was mounting the last rock between me and the top, I saw—what do you think I saw?

“I saw before me an army of terrible monsters, who barred my way. Every one of them had horns more than ten feet high, and sharp as a lance at the point.

“Any one else would have run away; but I marched straight up to the danger, and attacking the chief of the band, who surpassed all the rest in height, with one hand I pulled out one of his huge horns, and with the other hand I twitched off the beard of



HECTOR THE BOASTER.

which he was so proud. At the same time, with a single kick well aimed, I sent off to a distance of some twenty paces one of the monsters who had run to the aid of his chief.



“As soon as the whole troop saw their general conquered, and five or six of his bravest soldiers flying from the field, they ran off as fast as their legs could carry them. In the twinkling of an eye, the field of battle was cleared; and I trod it, holding in my hands the horn and the beard of the chief as proofs of my victory.”

Such was the story of the boasting Hector. But there is a beautiful little fairy, named Truth, whom children are too apt to forget, but who is ever hovering near them, and is sad when they offend her.



This little fairy had heard the braggart’s story. With one wave of her swift wings, she flew to the field where the animals whom Hector had called monsters were peacefully grazing. Going to the chief of the famous troop, the fairy made him eat of a certain herb, which, we will make believe, gives to beasts the faculty of comprehending and of

speaking. Then, having told him of Master Hector’s boastings, the fairy said, “Go, and make known the truth, and, if

HECTOR THE BOASTER.

you *can*, correct the foolish little fellow, so that he may be cured of his habit of boasting of things that he never *did* do and never *can* do."

Surrounded by his friends, who were stunned by the recital of his great deeds, Master Hector was enjoying his triumph; when the sight of Mr. Goat, appearing all at once in the midst of them, stopped him short in his boasting.

But his astonishment became terror, when, beginning to speak, and looking the boaster straight in the eye, the goat, with a terrible voice, said, "Master Hector is a rogue! Master Hector does not tell the truth!"

"Here is the truth. I was on the hill there with my kids, when this bad boy came up to me with a smile on his lips. I am fond of children; and I let him come near me: I even permitted him to pass his fingers through my beard. But, made bold by my kindness, what do you think he did?

"He pulled me roughly by the beard. It was not a friendly caress: it was a rude insult. Justly made angry by his conduct, I rose on my hind-feet to give him the correction he deserved; but the coward ran off, and spared me the pain of chastising him.



HECTOR THE BOASTER.

“Master Hector has told you that he pulled off **one of my** horns. I have a very simple way of proving to you and to him that he did nothing of the sort, and that **my two horns** are in good condition. The way by which I mean to prove this is by giving him the punishment he deserves.”



At the word “punishment,” Master Hector turned quickly to put space between him and his foe; but the general in chief of the army of goats was not one of those who are taken by surprise twice by the same enemy. Quick as thought, he went at poor Hector; and in an instant the vanquisher of all the monsters lay at full length on the ground, his face against the earth. His friends looked on, and saw his inglorious defeat,—saw that he was a vain and timid boaster.

But the good goat did not wish to do any serious harm to his foe. His honor once satisfied, he felt like the generous soldier who relieves a wounded enemy. “Mount on my back,” said he to the vanquished boaster; “mount, and I will carry you to your father’s house. **A good night’s** sleep will restore you; but do not let the service I would do cause you to forget the lesson you have obliged me to give.”



APTHORP AND THE KITTEN.

BACK of the house where Apthorp lived was a long and narrow yard, just like the yard of any city house. Here Apthorp used to play. In the next yard, there lived a little kitten. She used to play too. When she heard Apthorp at play in his yard, she would creep under the fence, and run after him, thinking to have a frolic.

But Apthorp was afraid of the kitten at first; and, when he saw her coming toward him, he would throw down his hoe, and start for the house as fast as he could run. Not till Mary came out, and drove the kitty back under the fence, would Apthorp go back to his play.



By and by, Apthorp got over his fear of the little kitten. His papa told him she would do him no harm. "If you run away from her, my little boy," said his papa, "she thinks you want to play with her, and runs too. If you turn bravely round, and march right at her, she will turn round, and scamper away as fast as she can go."

APTHORP AND THE KITTEN.

So Apthorp made up his mind that he would not be afraid of the kitten any more. He would chase her, he said, instead of letting her chase him. And the next time the kitty crept under the fence, all ready for a frolic, Apthorp seized his hoe more tightly than ever, turned square about, and ran right at her. He was only in play; but kitty thought he meant to hurt her.

Quick as a flash, kitty whisked about too, and disappeared through the hole under the fence. When she was safe on the other side, and as soon as she had got her breath, and persuaded herself that Apthorp had not crept through the hole after her, she said to herself, "What a terrible boy that is! How he frightened me!"



After this, however, Apthorp and the kitten became very good friends. She lost all fear of him, and he was very gentle with her; and many a nice play they had together. How much better it was not to be afraid of the kitten, and for the kitten not to be afraid of him!

EDWARD ABBOTT.



MY FATHER'S STORY.

FATHER had come in early from his day's work. We were all gathered round the fire,—father, myself, our cat Toby, and mother with baby in her lap,—for it was a very cold day.

Through the window we could look out on white fields, on the roofs of cottages and barns all spread with snow, and on a traveller or two bending before the sharp, frosty wind.

“I have a story to tell you,” said my father, as he held

MY FATHER'S STORY.

out his hands to the fire, while I knelt on the floor by his side. Then he said,—

“As I was driving through the woods in my sleigh to-day, I heard a dog barking, as if in trouble. I got out and went to a footpath near by; and there, asleep under some bushes, was a little girl.

“Yes! a little girl asleep in the open air this cold day. If I had not taken her in my arms, wrapped her in my buffalo-robe, and then driven with her in my sleigh to the nearest house, I think she must have frozen to death.

“I found she was little Jenny Martin, who goes out to day's work,—two miles from her home every day,—and who comes back at night because her poor mother is ill, and needs her help.

“Jenny had been so hard to work to-day, that she sat down to rest on her way home; and the cold made her sleepy. We had to rub her with snow to make her warm again.

“At last we woke her, and gave her some warm tea, and wrapped her up well; and then I took her and her dog Fido in my sleigh, and drove to her mother's house.

“Her mother had hoped she would not try to come home such a cold night; but Jenny was anxious, and could not keep away. She is too young and sickly a child to go out to day's work this cold winter weather.

“I gave her mother some money, and told her to keep Jenny at home, and to send to me if they were at any time in need of food or fuel.”

“You did right,” said my mother; “and I will go and see Mrs. Martin to-morrow. There may be something that I can do to help her.

“Perhaps our Ida will go with you,” said my father.

I said nothing; but I rose from my knees, and put my arms round my dear father's neck, and kissed him. *IDA FAY.*



HOW THE FOX GOT AWAY.

SOME hunts'men were out with a pack of hounds in pursuit of a fox. It was a cru'el sport; for the men did not want the fox: all they want'ed was the fun of run'ning him down.

Two or three times, the hounds came very near to the fox, but he got away; and at last, at a place where three roads met, the hounds lost scent of him, and the hunts'men came to a stand.

An old man stood at the door of his little hut at the corner of one of the roads. He did not see the fox as it ran by, for his eyesight was not good; but he had heard the sound of the horns and the bark'ing of the dogs, and he hoped the poor fox would make his es-cape.

“Old man,” cried one of the hunts'men, “tell us which way the fox went.”

HOW THE FOX GOT AWAY.

“Was he a dark-colored fox, with a light spot in the middle?” asked the old man.

“Yes, yes! have you seen him?” said one of the men.

“Did he put his ears back flat as he ran?”

“I’ll put your ears back flat, and then cut them off, if you don’t an’swer me at once,” said the hunts’man.

“Well, I don’t an’swer you at once,” said the old man.

“Now, what are you go’ing to do?”

All that the hunts’man could do was to put himself into a great rage; for he saw that the old man was not to be scared by his fool’ish threat. And so, after a little more scold’ing, the huntsmen all rode off after the fox.

They had not been gone a long while, when the old man went into his cel’lar to get some tur’nips; and there, what should he see, in a cor’ner, but the poor little hunt’ed fox!

“So here you are, my little fox!” cried the old man, laugh’ing. “Well, I’m very glad to see you. Do not be afraid. I shall not harm you. You shall have food, drink, and lodg’ing without charge.”

The little fox seemed to know that he had found a friend; and the old man said, “I can’t help laughing to think how those foolish young fellows are scour’ing the fields and the woods to find you, my little fox. I wish they had brains enough to seek sport in some’thing less cru’el than fox-bunting.”

JANE OLIVER.



THE USE OF AN UMBRELLA.

ILLUSTRATED BY FROMENT.

JULIA's doll is a sweet little creature. Her name is Juliet. You may see by the picture what a charming face she has. It is no wonder that Julia loves her dearly.



Julia takes great pains with Juliet's education. She means to bring her up with great care. She thinks it very important that children should be taught while they are young to know the difference between an umbrella and a cane.

She means that Juliet shall not be deficient in this branch of useful knowledge. There is no time like the present. She will begin with her at once.

THE USE OF AN UMBRELLA.

Julia points out a large cane and a huge umbrella, both of which she says belong to her grandfather. She explains in few words the purpose of a cane, and the proper mode of using it.

“Now, my child,” says Julia, seating Juliet on the umbrella-stand, “sit still and look at me while I teach you how to use an umbrella. In the first place, you must open it in this way.”



Julia takes the largest umbrella, and tries to open it; but her arms are so short, that she cannot manage it very well. She gets it part way open, and there it sticks. Something seems to be in the way. The silk catches in the whalebone. The spring will not catch at all. But Julia does not give up. She tries again and again.

THE USE OF AN UMBRELLA.

The umbrella is wide open at last. Julia takes Juliet in her arms.

"Now, my child," she says, "we will make believe that we are taking a walk in a pouring rain."

Julia walks across the room, holding the umbrella over her head. She picks her way carefully over the spots in the floor, trying to make believe that they are puddles.



"But what a pity it is that there is no *real* rain in the house! Juliet would learn the use of an umbrella so much better if we could have real rain."

"It *is* raining out of doors. How nice it would be to take Juliet out! Under this great umbrella, there would not be the least fear of getting wet."

This is what Julia thinks.

THE USE OF AN UMBRELLA.

Her thoughts run on thus:—

“Yes, it rains quite hard in the street. Nurse has left the front-door open. Now, if my mamma had not forbidden me to go out alone, what a chance this would be! . . . I *must* take Juliet out a little way. I shall only go a few steps. I will leave the door open, so that I can come in without being heard. It will be fine fun.”



It is plain that Miss Julia is bent upon taking a walk under the umbrella, through the real rain; and when she makes up her mind to do a thing, she is apt to carry it out.

She puts on her hood, and, with Juliet in her arms, gets ready to start. In order to pass through the door, she has to half shut the umbrella. She finds this not an easy thing to do while she has a child in her arms.

THE USE OF AN UMBRELLA.

When Julia is out in the street, she has to open the umbrella again. It rains now in real earnest.

To open the wet umbrella without letting sweet little Juliet fall on to the pavement is no easy task. The poor helpless infant is in no little danger. You can see by her pale face and her outstretched arms that she is in great fear. She is getting wet, too, while her mother is trying to open the umbrella.



But Julia gets it open. She has now a chance to give her first lesson to Juliet in the use of an umbrella. The use of an umbrella is to keep off the rain. With a good umbrella over your head, you may walk in the rain without getting wet. This is what Julia wishes to prove. She marches off boldly enough at first.

THE USE OF AN UMBRELLA.

But somehow Julia finds that she is getting wet all **the** time. The rain comes down in torrents.

It does not come in straight lines. The wind slants it, and turns it right under the umbrella. Then it spatters up fearfully from the pavement. It comes both ways,—up and down. It pours over the umbrella. It seems to beat right through the silk. It grows worse and worse every minute.



Julia, like a good mother, does all that she can to protect her child. She folds her in her arms. But she feels that they are both getting wet through in spite of all that she can do.

She crouches down under the umbrella, and thinks only of getting back into the house as fast as her legs will carry her. She likes the make-believe rain of the house much better than the real rain.

THE USE OF AN UMBRELLA.

She cannot get along very fast in such a furious storm. She can hardly see which is the right way to go. The wind blows in fierce gusts, and sweeps every thing before it.

Dear me! it shuts the front-door with a bang. How is poor Julia to get into the house? She cries out for help, but nobody hears. There are few people in the streets. Almost everybody, except Julia, seems to have kept snug at home.



Another gust of wind turns the umbrella inside out. **J**ulia clings to the stick with all her might. **J**uliet drops from her arms.

The wind drives the umbrella before it; and Julia, all drenched and battered by the rain, is dragged along with it.

Juliet, flat on her face on the pavement, is blown along at the same time.



NOW, CARLO, B IS FOR BARK!



MABEL AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

MABEL and her little sister Jane are orphans. They live with their grandmother, who is very kind to them. In the picture, she is showing the children a likeness of their mother.

With such a pleasant home, and such a loving grandmother, one would think that these two little girls ought to be happy and contented. And Jane, the younger of the two, is as happy as the day is long.

But Mabel, although not a bad child at heart, has an unhappy temper. She is sometimes moody and wayward, and gives her good grandmother much trouble.

I will tell you one of her freaks, and how her grandmother managed her.

One day Mabel had been reproved for some fault, and knew that she had done wrong; but, instead of saying that she was sorry, she brooded over the matter until she persuaded herself that she had been very much injured.

MABEL AND HER GRANDMOTHER.



So she said to herself, "I will run away. I will make grandmother sorry that she has treated me so."

Poor little Mabel! She never stopped to think what "running away" meant, but went softly up stairs to her own room, and began taking out articles of dress from the bureau-drawer.

Just then her grandmother came up stairs, and, seeing what was going on, knew in a moment what was passing in Mabel's mind.

"If my little girl is going away," she said very quietly, "I must get her something to pack her clothes in."

MABEL AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

Then she brought a little travelling-bag, and Mabel packed her clothes in it.

"I must pay you the fifty cents I promised you the other day," said her grandmother. "Here it is. You may need it."

Mabel began to feel ashamed when she saw the sad look on her grandmother's face. But she was too proud to say so. Pretty soon her bag was packed, and she was all ready.

She could not go without bidding little Jane good-by. Jane was asleep in her crib. Mabel kissed her; and saying, "Good-by, dear Jenny: you may have my fifty cents," she put the money into Jane's little chubby hand.

But now there were tears in Mabel's eyes, and two large drops were rolling down her cheeks.

"Good-by, grandmother," said she.

"Good-by, dear child," said her grandmother. "I hope people will be kind to you *where you are going*."

Mabel could hold out no longer.

"O grandmother!" she sobbed. "I want to stay with you. I will never, never, be a naughty girl again, if you will only love me once more."

"I have always loved you, my darling Mabel," said her grandmother, giving her a kiss; "and I love you now better than ever. Come now, we will hang up this travelling-bag, and you shall be my own dear little girl again."

LILA.





DIXIE.

DIXIE, this little dog of mine,
Had legs like a spider, black and fine,
A nimble tail, and a body slim,
And ears that would almost cover him.



If you whispered to him of "birds" or "rats,"
Of "cows" or "squirrels" or "pigs" or "cats,"
He was all a-tremble with hope and fun,
Ready to hunt or fight or run.

But Dixie is older now; he shows
A gray mustache on his once black nose;
Slower his legs to frolic and leap;
And he needs a nice soft place to sleep.

DIXIE.



But he has such brown and gentle eyes,
Has love so human, and ways so wise,
Has tastes so dainty,—the wilful elf!—
That he rules all things to suit himself.

Only Flora has any fear
If he speaks too loud, or comes too near;
Yet she told me bravely the other night
She could pat the end that didn't bite.

CLARA DOTY BATES.



THE MINISTER'S CHILDREN.

THE minister came out of his study, and, going to the front door, looked up at the sky. East, west, north, south, — not a cloud to be seen.

"The very day to go to the gulf, blackberrying," said he. "If any children want to go with me to catch the gray pony, they must be ready in just two minutes and a quarter."

And then four boys — Seth, Samuel, Simon, and Sandy — scrambled about for their hats; and three girls — Susan, Thirz, and Tiny — scrambled for their bonnets; and, in a little less than two minutes and a quarter, they all started to the pasture to catch the gray pony.

They caught him very quickly; and the minister slipped the bridle over his head, and they led him back to the house. He was soon harnessed into the wagon. The children, with plenty of baskets, were all packed in, the minister took the reins, and off they started for the gulf.

I can't tell you much about the gulf. I only know it was not the Gulf of Mexico, nor any other gulf that you can find on the map. Indeed, there was no water about it. I suppose it ought to have been called the gully; but the minister's children called it the gulf. Lots of blackberries grew there; and the minister and his children picked and picked, and emptied their baskets into the big green bucket, till it was full.

Then the minister said they must go home; for a great black cloud was rising in the north-west, and there would be a thunder-shower by and by. So they began to count to see if all the children were there; and Tiny was missing.

They hunted up and down, and couldn't find her; and all

THE MINISTER'S CHILDREN.

the time the black cloud was rising higher and higher. At last, they heard a little squeak, that sounded as if it came out of the ground. "Where are you, Tiny? Speak again!" said the minister.

"Here, papa! In this hole!" and, following the voice, the minister came to a little crevice, so overhung with blackberry bushes that you would not know there was a hole there.

"How came you in there?" said he.

"Oh! I fell in, and I can't get out; and there's such a lot of blackberries all round the edges, and I've got full, and got my basket full,—and now please help me out!" said Tiny.

The minister squeezed through the bushes, and reached down, and Tiny stood on the tips of her tiny toes, and reached up; and so she was fished out, with her face and hands all stained, and her basket full and running over.

"Why didn't you cry out?" asked Susan.

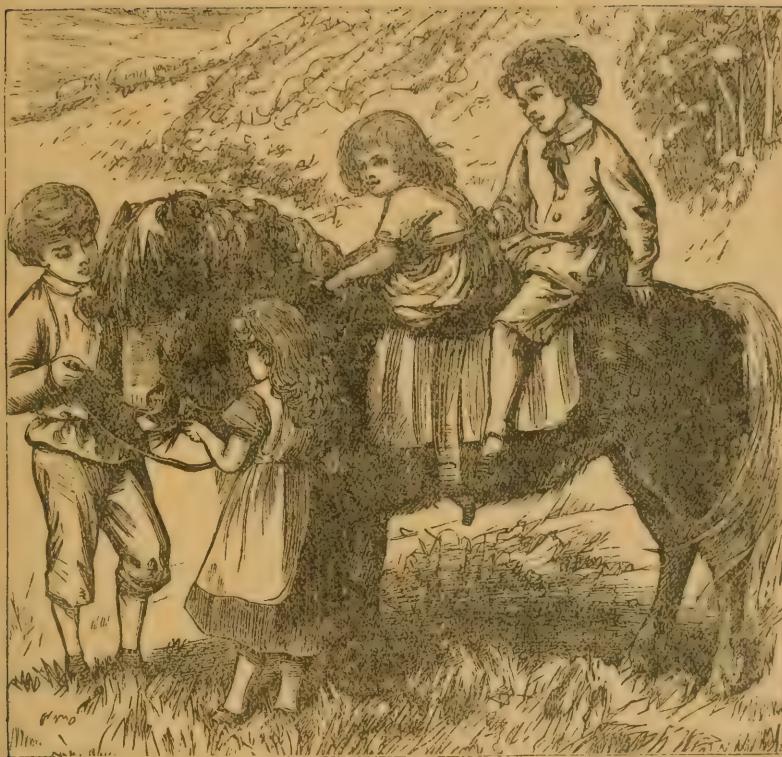
"'Cause I found such lots of berries, and I wanted to get my basket full," said Tiny.

Then they hurried into the wagon. The minister took the whip, and made the gray pony go at full speed; and they got home just as the rain began to pour down in torrents.

MARY A. CRAGIN.



"I'VE BEEN PICKING BLACKBERRIES!"



OUR PONY.

WE have a pony whose name is Duke. He was very skittish when we first had him. There are four of us children who ride him, — Mamie, Winnie, Arthur, and myself. We have another little sister, Florence; but she is not old enough to ride, being only five years old.

Winnie is a nice little rider. Duke was Mamie's birthday present. We were all very much pleased when he came. We danced round him, and clapped our hands. Mamma wanted to surprise us: so, while we were at dinner, she had the pony brought up and put in the barn.

OUR PONY.

After dinner we went out to play ; and Winnie saw the whip and the saddles, and then she suspected something. So she began looking around in the stalls. There she found the pony, and then came running in to mamma to ask if it was really ours. Mamma said, Yes.

Then we were very much pleased, and said we would ride him. Winnie rode him up to the house first ; then Mamie wanted to ride, so she got on the boys' saddle. Duke would not stand still for her ; and, when she got on, he went galloping down to the barn. Her hat flew off, and she was very much frightened. She kept calling out, "Stop him!" but he would not stop until he reached the barn. Duke was frightened too, because we shouted at him.

Mamie is thirteen, but is more afraid to ride than Winnie, who is only seven. Mamie asks if boys always ride better than girls. I say, "No ! Look at Winnie." Once we tied Duke to the swing ; and then he got his nose pulled by getting the rope twisted round it. Sometimes we have a good frolic with him in the pasture. He never kicks us.

Mamie loves to feed Duke ; but she wants Arthur to hold him carefully by the bridle while she does it. As for Winnie, she loves to gallop over the hills and far away. Sometimes she lets me ride behind her. Duke seems to love the bold Winnie, and will do whatever she tells him to. THE END.



“TRY, TRY AGAIN.”



T is a true story that I am going to tell you now. It is about a little boy whose name was William Ross. Having had a present of a pencil, he thought he would make use of it by trying to draw.

His first attempts were poor enough. One day, when he had been playing ball with a young friend, he stopped, and, taking out his pencil, began to draw a picture on the wall.

“What do you call that?” asked his friend. “Why, that is a horse!” replied William: “can’t you see?” — “A horse! is it?” cried his friend, laughing. “Why, I took it for a donkey.”

“You are quite right in laughing at it,” said William. “Now that I look at it again, I see it is all out of drawing; but I will keep at it till I can make a good drawing of a horse.”

William was not afraid of being laughed at; and he felt much obliged to those who pointed out any faults in what he did. He was not discouraged by failures. He kept trying till he had used his pencil nearly all up. Still he had not yet made a good drawing of a horse.

“You’ll never learn to draw: so you may as well give it up first as last,” said his friend to him one day, some six months after their last meeting. “Your horses are all donkeys still.”

William opened a portfolio, and, taking out some pictures, said, “What do you think of these?”

“Ah! here is something like a horse,” replied his friend, looking at one of the drawings. “You will never do anything like this, Willy.”



"TRY, TRY AGAIN."

THE PRISONER.

William smiled, but said nothing ; though it was his own drawing that his friend was praising.

Well, by bravely keeping at it, William at last began to make pictures worth looking at. While yet a boy, he sent in a painting to the Society of Arts, for which he received a present of a silver palette. He rose to be Sir William Ross, miniature painter to Queen Victoria.

Don't be discouraged, my young friends, by failing in your first attempts. Learn to persevere. Keep at it. That's the way.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE PRISONER.

EVA is six years old, and has deep-blue eyes. Ernest is almost four years old, and has very black eyes. Jessie will be two years old next week, and has large brown eyes.

THE PRISONER.

Their papa, who has been kept at home by illness for a week, thinks that he is just getting acquainted with them, and never knew before that he had three such fine children.

He noticed, the other day, that every hour, almost, they would run into the sitting-room with cake or sugar or bread-and-butter, scattering crumbs all over the carpet, and keeping their mamma busy much of the time in sweeping up. So he thought he would call a council to consider the matter, and see what could be done about it.

Papa, robed in his dressing-gown, took the chair; Eva was placed in front; Ernest stood on the right hand, and Jessie on the left. The chairman then told the children how much work they made mamma, and proposed a rule,—that no more food should be brought into the sitting-room. All who were in favor of such a rule were requested to vote for it by raising their hands. Each of the children raised a hand; and fat little Jessie raised both of hers as high as she could. So the vote was passed.

Then papa said that a rule was good for nothing unless there was a penalty with it. So he made Eva judge, and asked her what the punishment should be for breaking the rule. "I think," said she, "the first one that spoils the rule should be shut up in jail five minutes."

This was thought to be about the right thing: so the bedroom was selected for a jail, and Ernest was made jailer. Eva wanted to know, since she was judge, and Ernest was jailer, what Jessie could be. Her papa said that Jessie would probably be the first prisoner. As to Ernest, he went at once and told his mamma that he was "no more a little boy, but a jailer-man."

Well, that day no more crumbs were scattered; and Ernest did not get a prisoner, though he kept a bright lookout for one. But the next day he got one; and this is the

THE SONG OF THE KETTLE.

way it happened. Papa said he would like an apple. Eva brought him one ; and, while he was paring and eating it, he dropped some of the peel on the floor. In an instant, to his great dismay, he was arrested and locked up ; and he might have languished in jail full five minutes, if Ernest had not been such a kind jailer that he let him out in two.

Papa thinks that the next time he makes a rule he will be careful not to break it.

L. P. A.



THE SONG OF THE KETTLE.

My house is old, the rooms are low,
The windows high and small ;
And a great fireplace, deep and wide,
Is built into the wall.

THE SONG OF THE KETTLE.

There, on a hanging chimney-hook,
 My little kettle swings ;
And, in the dreary winter-time,
 How cheerily it sings !

My kettle will not sing to-day —
 What could it sing about ?
For it is empty, it is cold :
 The fire is all gone out.

Go, bring to me, to fill it up,
 Fresh water from the spring ;
And I will build a rousing fire,
 And that will make it sing !

Bring white bark from the silver birch,
 And pitch-knots from the pine ;
And here are shavings, long and white,
 That look as ribbons fine.

The little match burns faint and blue,
 But serves the fire to light ;
And all around my kettle, soon,
 The flames are rising bright.

Crack, crack ! begins the hemlock-branch,
 Snap, snap ! the chestnut stick ;
And up the wide old chimney now
 The sparks are flying thick.

Like fire-flies on a summer night,
 They go on shining wings ;
And, hark ! above the roaring blaze
 My little kettle sings !

CLARENCE'S KITTENS.

The robin carols in the spring;
In summer hums the bee:
But, in the dreary winter, give
The kettle's song to me.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



CLARENCE'S KITTENS.

CLARENCE is a little boy who loves to read about kittens, and often laughs at the funny stories told of them.

Where Clarence lives, there are two kittens. He calls them kittens; but they are both *grown-up* kittens, and the elder of the two is a full-grown cat. One is named Ring, because she has such a pretty white ring about her neck; and the other is named Daisy.

THE TIGER'S TOILET.

Now, Daisy is Ring's aunt, and is sometimes very cross to her niece. Being a sedate cat herself, she tries to stop Ring's fun; but Ring is a happy kitten, and always tries to have a good time.

One day, after coming from church, Clarence's aunt was reading, when the dinner-bell rang. So she left her book on the window-sill, and laid her spectacles upon it.

Pretty soon old Daisy seated herself in a very dignified way right in front of the book. In a few minutes, little Ring came frisking along, and, without paying the least regard to Madam Daisy, up she jumped, and whisked the spectacles down on the carpet.

She was just ready to send them flying across the room, when down came Madam Daisy as stern as a police-officer. She looked at Ring a moment, in a crushing way, then lifted her paw, and boxed the naughty kitten's ears till she mewed for mercy.

Ring ran away as soon as she could, and left the spectacles for Clarence's mamma to pick up; while old Daisy took her seat on the window-sill again, and seemed to feel that she had done her duty.

Clarence thought it was a funny sight to see one cat punish another. What do you think about it?

MRS. L. A. WHITE.

THE TIGER'S TOILET.

THIS splendid tiger lived in the Zoölogical Gardens at Berlin. He had a very kind keeper named Peens, who used to comb out the long waving hair that grew on his cheeks.

He looks in the picture as though he were very angry, and were growling and snarling terribly; but though he did

THE TIGER'S TOILET.



gnash his teeth, and make a fearful noise, he enjoyed his hair-dressing very much. I have seen some children who acted like this tiger when their hair was combed ; but that was because they were really cross. He is not.

Whenever he saw Peens coming toward his cage with the comb in his hand, this tiger would at once throw himself down close to the bars, with his head pressed against them as you see him here, as if he would say, "I'm all ready, Peens, go ahead!" This showed how much he liked the feeling of the comb.

But, after all, he never forgot that he was a tiger; for if

PETERLIN ON HIS TRAVELS.

by accident, Peens pulled his hair, he would give a dreadful growl, and look as if he would like to eat him up in a minute. Then Peens would stop for a moment, until he was good natured again.

A few weeks ago this beautiful and intelligent tiger died. In his last hours he mewed constantly with pain, like a great cat, and was only quiet when Peens came to the bars, and stroked his cheeks. When the keeper went away, he would call after him.

Peens felt very badly at losing his tiger; and I am sure he must have been a very kind keeper to him.

Even a tiger may be taught love and gratitude by kind treatment.

ELIZABETH SILL.

(Adapted from the German.)



PETERLIN ON HIS TRAVELS.

PETERLIN was a chick just five days out of the shell. He began to think he was somebody now. The old cornfield became too narrow for him. He must start out on his travels, and see something of the world.

Biddy, his mother, clucked and scolded away at him, and told him how he might lose himself in the grass, and never find his way home.

But it was of no use. The mother's warnings were unheeded. Off started Peterlin; and, before he was well aware of it, the cornfield lay far behind him, and he found himself standing on a rock, and gazing forth over the wide world.

The valley lay open before him. Dear me, what a world it seemed! — so very vast! With fright and amazement Peterlin looked down on all the magnificence till he felt himself growing giddy.

PETERLIN ON HIS TRAVELS.



He stood on the brink of an abyss ; and far beneath him flowed a stream through the blooming land ; and over the waters moved proud vessels with their white sails and their waving flags.

All at once Peterlin saw a bird in the air. "Oh, dear ! what if it should be a vulture ?" thought he, trembling in every joint. "Oh, if I were only once more under my good old mother's wing ! Oh ! how I wish I had minded her warning !"

Off ran Peterlin back through the grass, back over the ploughed field, along by the edge of the wood ; and then he heard a noise, — " cluck, cluck, cluck ! " " Oh, joy, joy ! That is my mother's voice ! " thought he.

Yes, it was Biddy's voice, calling her runaway child. She approached him at a quick run ; and it was not till he was

ON THE GATE.

safe under her wing that the quick beat of his heart slackened, and he felt once more at peace. Peterlin then and there resolved that he would wait till he was older before he started again on his travels.

FROM THE GERMAN.



ON THE GATE.

WHERE are you going ? Have you got
Any thing good to eat
In that big basket ? Let me peek !
Do you live on our street ?
I'm six years old to-day ; aren't you
Surprised ? I wish you'd wait !
I'll tell you something, if you will,
And swing you on our gate.

This is my grandpa's house. I wish
He was your grandpa too !
I guess your mother 'll let you come
And stay with me ; don't you ?
I'm making patchwork : it's to keep
The heathens warm. I hate
To keep in-doors. I wish I could
Swing all day on the gate !

Have you a doll ? Yes ? Mine got drowned :
Joe threw her down the well ;
But pretty soon I'm going to buy
A new one ; don't you tell !
My bank is almost full. I'll let
You shake it, if you'll wait :
Pa said he'd fill it if I would
Stop swinging on the gate.

ON THE GATE.



We've got some kittens in the barn ;
They're way up in the loft :
I like to hold them in my lap,
They feel so warm and soft.
Joe broke my little spade one day,
Digging the earth for bait :
Does your big brother call you names,
And pull you off the gate ?

I go to school. I'm at the head :
You ought to hear me spell !
I and another girl are in
The class. There goes the bell !
I'll have to run, and get my books.
Oh, dear ! I shall be late :
Another scolding I shall get
For swinging on the gate !

THE LITTLE CARPENTER.

THE picture of the little boy on the opposite page is from a photograph from life: so you may look on it as on a real likeness of some one in England. I do not know his name; but I think he must be some one whose parents have fitted up a little carpenter's shop for him, so that he may learn to do something useful.

The picture reminds me of a true story. About sixty years ago, there was a rich man in Germany, of the name of Reinhold, who had seen so much of the changes of life, that he resolved that each of his children, both boys and girls, should learn some useful trade or profession.

Rudolf, the eldest boy, learned to be a carpenter. But, when he was twenty-one years of age, he came into the possession of a large fortune. He married, and thought that he had so much money that he could never spend it all.

But, before he was fifty years of age, the whole of his large possessions had melted away. Some of his stately houses had been burned down; and the insurance-offices had failed. Some men he had trusted had proved dishonest; and many schemes that he had entered upon had turned out badly.

At the age of forty-six, Rudolf Reinhold took up the business of a carpenter, which he had learned between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. He soon became skilful, and turned his attention to building houses in the city of Berlin. So successful was he, that in ten years he was once more a rich man.

One of his daughters had become a dressmaker, and another a music-teacher; and even when, at last, they were once more rich, they always felt glad that their father had made them accomplish themselves in useful pursuits, instead of leading lives of idleness and self-indulgence.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE LITTLE CARPENTER.

ROBERT'S PROMISE TO SANTA CLAUS.

ROBERT's hope was that he should have a sled. "O Santa Claus!" said he, "if you will only bring me a sled, I will promise to give all your other presents away to those who need them most."

Uncle Charles heard this speech, and said, "May I send word to Santa Claus of your promise?"

"Yes, you may," said Robert; "for I am in earnest about it. If Santa Claus will only bring me a sled, I shall be content."

"And you will bestow his other Christmas-gifts on those who need them most,—is that the bargain?" asked Uncle Charles.

"Yes, that is it," said Robert.

The little boy went to sleep that night, wondering who Mr. Santa Claus was, and whether he would heed a hint from Uncle Charles.

Early Christmas morning, Robert woke; and what do you think he saw by the side of his bed? Well, it was a fine sled, painted red, with thick iron runners.

Robert could hardly believe his eyes. He jumped out of bed, and dressed himself. Then, as the morning light grew clearer, he saw other presents,—a beautiful pair of skates, a rabbit that could hop out of a box, but was not alive, a bat and ball, a bag of marbles, a fine pocket-knife, a silver pencil-case, a ship all rigged, a paint-box, and many more things that I cannot name.

"And all these things are mine!" cried Robert. But he then remembered his promise to Santa Claus, and sighed. "What a nice pair of skates!" thought he. "And this knife and this pencil-case,—they are just what I want. Will Santa Claus ever find it out, I wonder, if I keep them?"



PIGGY'S VISIT.

It was only for a moment that the little boy hesitated. Then he put his hand on his sled, and said, "No! a promise is a promise. Here is what I asked for. I sent word to Mr. Santa Claus what I would do; and it would be mean now if I were to break my promise."

I am glad to say that Robert distributed all the presents, except the sled, among the boys and girls of his acquaintance, whose parents were too poor to spend money on Christmas-gifts.

Uncle Charles was so much pleased with Robert's conduct, that he bought the prettiest pair of skates he could find, and put them on Robert's feet, and told him they were his own.

ALFRED SELWYN.

PIGGY'S VISIT.

MARY stood by the table kneading dough. Annie was washing Dolly's apron. Bobby was making a pasteboard wagon for Dolly. Clara was rocking the cradle, which was baby Dan's carriage to the land of Nod. Cook was paring the "taters," as she called them. Mother sat quietly sewing on Annie's sack. How still every thing was!

All at once piggy put his nose in at the door with an "Ugh, ugh! May I come in?"

Mary let some flour fall; Annie hugged Dolly closely, perhaps to keep piggy from eating her; cook got the broom; baby screamed; and Clara laughed aloud.

Mother took the baby, and sat still. Where was piggy? and where was Bob?

Down came the broom where piggy had been; but piggy was scampering down the path, with Bob at his heels, and

PIGGY'S VISIT.



in a few minutes piggy was in his pen in the far corner of the lot, grunting with fear and weariness.

Bob came up, and closed the door of the pen. "Piggy," said Bob, "naughty piggy, to come where you are not wanted! I should think you would like to stay in your own house, so neat and comfortable."

"Ugh, ugh!" said piggy.

"Oh! you were lonesome, were you?" said Bob. "You thought it was no more than civil to call on your neighbors. You wanted to show us that you were not too proud to be sociable. Next time please to send in your card first."

"Ugh, ugh!" said piggy.

That was more than a week ago; and piggy has staid at home since then. Perhaps he is waiting for us to return his call.

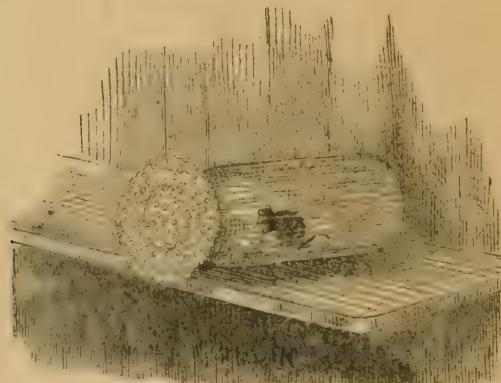
Now, how many persons have I told you about?

FANNIE.



IDA'S MOUSE.

ONE morning when Ida went to the closet for the bird-seed to feed her canary, she found a wee brown mouse in the bottom of the bottle where the seed was kept. Instead of screaming and running away, Ida clapped her fat little hand over the mouth of the bottle, and mousie was a prisoner.

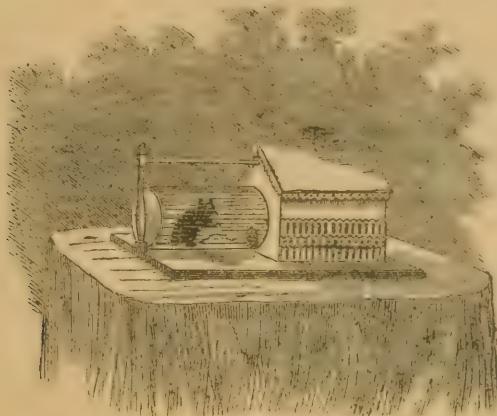


Mamma said mousie should be drowned; but Ida begged so hard to keep him, that mamma got a glass jar, put mousie into it, with a bit of bread and cheese to keep him company,

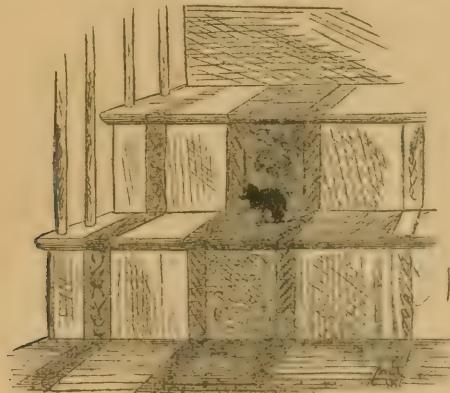
IDA'S MOUSE.

ties a piece of tin, all pricked with little holes, over the mouth of the jar, and set it on the shelf.

Ida spent half the day in watching the mouse.



When papa came home at night, he brought a funny little tin house for mousie's cage. Mousie was put into it; and he soon began to make the wire-wheel go round. He turned



the wheel so fast and so long, that he soon made his nose sore. Ida thought he was very tame; but I think he only wanted to get out and run away.

IDA'S MOUSE.

One day mousie managed to get his door open and scamper off. Then Ida cried and cried, and was afraid her dear mousie would starve. But after a day or two, as grandma was going up stairs, she saw little mousie hopping up ahead of her.

He ran into Ida's closet. Ida brought the cage; and mamma and grandma made mousie run into it.

"Perhaps it is not the same mouse," said grandma.



"Oh, yes, it is!" said Ida. "I know him by his sore nose."

Ida took good care of mousie till warm weather came, and it was time to go into the country for the summer. Then she took the cage outside the back-gate, and opened mousie's door. Mousie was very quiet at first; but soon he peeped out, and, seeing nothing to hinder, he ran away as fast as his little legs could carry him.

I am glad that he was set free; for I do not think he was happy in the cage. I hope he will keep away from traps and cats, and live to a good old age.

AUNTIE MAY.



DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

BENNY says he'll be a soldier :
He will march to fife and drum,
With a musket on his shoulder ;
Never stouter heart nor bolder,
Where the shots the thickest come.
(Yet I've seen the speckled hen
Put to rout brave Captain Ben !)

HOW THE WIND FILLS THE SAILS.

Willie longs to be sailor:
 He will cross the farthest seas;
'Mid the terror and commotion
Of the dark, tempestuous ocean,
 He will pace his deck at ease.
(*Storms are certain when we scrub
Willie in his bathing-tub.*)

Nellie hears with awe and wonder
 Of the perils they will seek;
Weeps at thought of cruel slaughter;
Prays for seamen on the water;
 Blushes for her courage weak:
(*Yet the best thing, Nellie dear,
Is to do the duty near.*)

A. D. W.

HOW THE WIND FILLS THE SAILS.

“WHAT makes the vessel move on the river?” asked little Anna one day of her brother Harry.

“Why,” said Harry, “it’s the wind, of course, that fills the sails, and that pushes the vessel on. Come out on the bank, and I will show you how it is done.”

So Anna, Harry, and Bravo, all ran out on the lawn. Bravo was a dog; but he was always curious to see what was going on.

When they were on the lawn, Harry took out his handkerchief, and told Anna to hold it by two of the corners while he held the other two.

As soon as they had done this, the wind made it swell out, and look just like a sail.

“Now you see how the wind fills the sails,” said Harry.

HOW THE WIND FILLS THE SAILS.



“Yes; but how does it make the ship go?” asked Anna.

“Well, now let go of the handkerchief, and see what becomes of it,” said Harry.

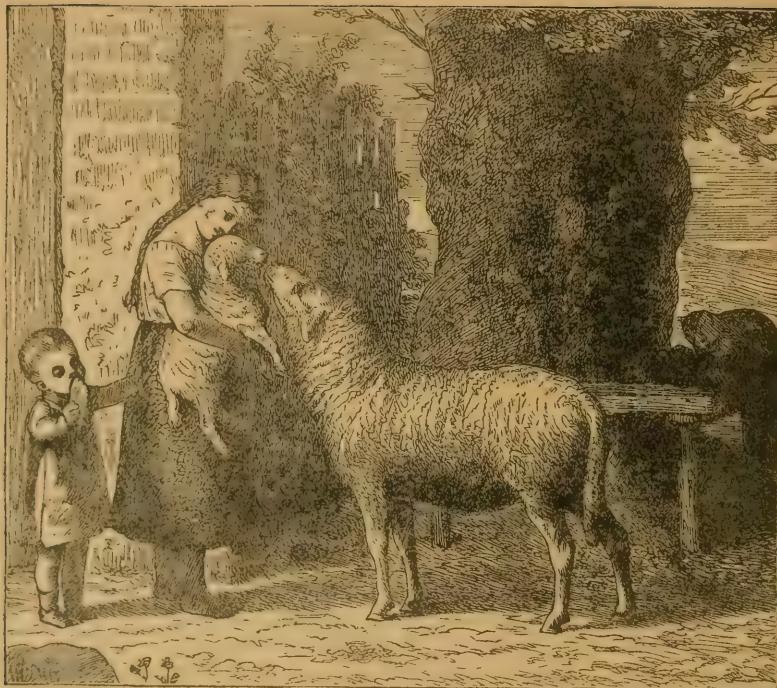
So they both let go of it; and off the wind bore it up among the bushes by the side of the house.

In order to explain the matter still further to his sister, Harry made a little flat boat out of a shingle, and put in it a mast, and on the mast a paper sail.

Then they went down to the river and launched it; and, much to Anna’s delight, the wind bore it far out towards the middle of the stream.

Bravo swam out, took it in his mouth, and brought it back; and Anna was at last quite satisfied that she knew how it is that the wind makes the vessel go on the river.

DORA BURNSIDE.



A STORY OF A PET LAMB.

THERE once lived in Vermont a little girl of the name of Dora; and a neighbor made her a present of a pet lamb.

Dora named it Snowdrift. The old ewe, its mother, came to take leave of it; and Dora held the little one up in her arms, and let the old one lick its fine soft wool.

All the folks treated Snowdrift well. Even the old cat, though somewhat jealous at first, would let it lie down on the hearth by her side.

Dora's little brother Tony was very fond of Snowdrift, and bought a strip of blue ribbon to tie round its neck. The little lamb had a fine time of it. Never was lamb so petted before.

OUR DOG WINNER.

Winter went by; spring, summer, and autumn followed fast; and at last it was winter again, and Snowdrift was no longer a lamb, but a large sheep.

But Dora took care of it still; and the next summer Snowdrift was the mother of a little lamb: and Dora sheared from Snowdrift's back a bag full of wool.

At length, when Dora grew to be a woman, she was the owner of more than fifty sheep; and her little Snowdrift had been the first of the flock.

She now sells the wool from the backs of her sheep, and gets a good living by it; but she does not forget the day when she held up little Snowdrift for its mother to take leave of: nor does Tony, though he is now a young man, forget that day.

CAROLINE D. BARTON.

OUR DOG WINNER.

I AM going to tell you only what is true about our dog Winner. He loves to play with children, and he lets them do pretty much all they want to with him.

He will let them dress him up, or put a hat on his head; and then he will give his fore-paw to be shaken; and he will bark as if he would like to say, "How do you do?"

If we give Winner a basket with a letter for the market-man or the grocer, he will go and get what we want to buy.

But how does he know when we want him to go to the grocer's, and when to the market-man's? I will tell you: if we give him the round basket, he will go to the grocer's; but, if we give him the square basket, he will go to the market-man's.

Winner keeps guard in the stable, and sees that the horses

OUR DOG WINNER.

do not do any mischief. Once a man caught a rat, and held it to Winner's mouth, and tried to make him eat it. The rat bit the dog on the lip; but Winner would not touch it.

He growled at the man, however, and made him quit the stable; and never again would he let him enter it.

Once Winner saw a frightened horse running off with a wagon. In the wagon was a little girl. Winner sprang at the horse's head, seized the reins, and stopped him.



Winner is kind to the hens and the rooster; but, if a strange rooster comes into our barn-yard to fight, this wise dog will drive him off, and bark, as much as to say, "No fighting here!"

But Winner loves to frolic and play, though he is so wise and watchful. He knows how to take care of the baby. One day, baby crept to the end of the piazza, and would have fallen off, if Winner had not seized her by the dress, and pulled her back to a place where she was safe. We are all very fond of Winner.

THE BOY WITH A CAP ON IN THE PICTURE.

MABEL'S COW.



THE cow nearest to you in the picture is Mabel's cow; and Mabel Brittan is the taller of the two girls on the bridge. I will tell you why the cow is called Mabel's cow.

Her family live in a wild but beautiful part of New Hampshire, where it is very cold in winter, and pretty warm in summer. There are only two small houses within a mile of her father's. He keeps cows, and makes nice butter from the cream.

Not long ago he bought a cow at a great bargain, as he thought; for she was a fine-looking young cow, and the price he paid for her was only twenty-five dollars.

But, before he had got through the first milking of her, he began to think she was dear at any price. She would kick over the pail, make vicious plunges, and try to ~~hook~~ him. Indeed, he grew afraid of her, she was so violent.

He took down a heavy whip, and was about to strike her in great anger, when his little daughter Mabel caught his arm, and said, "She will never be good for any thing if you strike her. Let me try to manage her."

And, before Mr. Brittan could prevent her, Mabel had her arm round the cow's neck, and was calling her all the sweet pet names she could think of.

"All that is very well," said her father; "but just you try to milk her: that's all. No, you sha'n't venture. It would be as much as your life is worth."

"I am very sure she will let me milk her," said Mabel. "Do not forbid my trying. She looks at me out of her big eyes as if she thought me her friend."

So Mabel took the tin pail, and sat down on the little low



MABEL'S COW.

HARRY AND THE BIG "POP-CORNER."

milking-stool ; and soon, to her father's astonishment, she finished milking, the cow having stood all the while as quiet as a lamb.

It was found that the cow had been badly treated by the man who had owned her, and who had been in the habit of milking her. Being a high-spirited beast, she then gave him so much trouble, that he was soon glad to be rid of her.

She would now let no one touch her but Mabel : so Mr. Brittan finally said that the cow should be Mabel's cow, and that all the butter which the cow yielded should be hers. But Mabel is a generous girl ; and so she shares the money she earns. Her mother, her sister Emily, and her brothers Oliver and Frank, all get a part of it.

Mabel has given the cow a name ; and the cow will come to her when she calls her by name. The name is a very pretty one for a cow, I think. It is Dido.

EMILY CARTER.

HARRY AND THE BIG "POP-CORNER."

LITTLE HAROLD was delighted, one winter morning, to hear that he could go to his grandpapa's with his mother, for a few days. He had often been there in summer, when the grass was green, and flowers were blooming around the old homestead ; but this was his first *winter* visit.

A pleasant ride of forty miles by the railway, then a short ride in an old-fashioned stage-sleigh, and the sober old horses, with their jingling bells, stopped before grandpa's pleasant home.

Harry ran up to the door, shouting, "We've come, grandpa ! We've come !" The door opened ; the little fellow

HARRY AND THE BIG "POP-CORNER."

rushed into his grandpa's arms ; and golden curls and thin gray locks were mingled for an instant. Then the young arms were thrown around dear Aunt Susie ; and such a welcome was given as little boys love to have.

Harry then trotted off to the kitchen to find his friend Patty, the cook. In a few minutes he came running back, exclaiming, "O mamma ! do come and see what a big *pop-corner* Patty has in the kitchen."

"Corn-popper, I suppose you mean," said his mamma, laughing, as she and Aunt Susie followed him to the kitchen. There, hanging behind the stove, was a large brass pan, as bright as gold : it had a cover full of holes, and a long handle. This was what Harry took for a corn-popper.

"Oh ! that is a warming-pan," said his mother. "A what kind of a pan ?" said Harry with great surprise. "What *do* you mean, mamma ?"

"Well, Harry, if you can be quiet a minute, I will tell you. When your Aunt Susie and I were little girls, and your uncles little boys, grandpapa's house was not warmed all over, as it is now. Furnaces were not used in those days ; and the bed-rooms up stairs were very cold.

"So, on the coldest nights of winter, grandma would have this pan filled with hot coals, and the beds all nicely warmed. Sometimes the boys would have great frolics ; for dear grandmamma would have their bed so very warm, that, as soon as they had jumped in, *out* they would come, saying they were burned.

"But they would spring back again, and cuddle down, and laugh, and tell stories, and sing, until grandpapa would have to come to the foot of the stairs, and call out, 'Boys, boys, I must have less noise !'"

"Well," said Harry after hearing this story, "I should like to try it, and see how my little uncles felt so long ago.

HARRY AND THE BIG "POP-CORNER."



"Will you warm my bed to-night, Patty?" — "Oh, yes! indeed I will, Master Harry," said Patty.

Harry wanted to go to bed earlier than usual that night; and, before seven o'clock, he ran to the kitchen to ask Patty to put the coals in the pan. Patty took a shovel, and first put in some hot ashes. "What is that for?" said Harry.

"So the sheets will not be burned," said Patty. Then she put in some glowing coals, and told Harry that the warming-pan was ready.

Harry called his mamma; and they went up to the square front-room. Patty gave the cold sheets a good warming while mamma was unbuttoning the little shoes and clothes; and, when Harry had got on his night-gown, he said, "Now for a good jump, — one, two, three, four, and away!"

Then he sprang into the warm nest; and such a shout as the little fellow gave made even grandpa start from his rocking-chair. "Oh, goody! oh, how *jolly!* oh, how splen-

WHAT DEMPSEY IS PROUD OF.

did!" said Harry. "I thought grandpapa's house was splendid in the summer; but it is a great deal *splendider* in the winter.

"But, mamma," continued he, "won't I have a nice story to tell Charlie and Susie when I get home, about this big pop-corner?"

MAMMA.



WHAT DEMPSEY IS PROUD OF.

"WHAT are you proudest of?" said Mattie to Bertie. "I'm proudest of my new red-top boots," said Bertie. "I'm proudest of my new black hat," said Clay. Mattie was proudest of her muff and boa. Little Bell was proudest of her wax doll.

But Dempsey had the queerest pride of all. He had no boots or mittens; and his clothes were coarse and worn. What had he to be proud of? This is what he said, "I'm proudest of my papa's wooden leg." The other little people were too polite to laugh at him; but they looked at him with wonder.

"Let me tell you," said he, "why I'm proud of my papa's wooden leg. One time when there was a war, and men were wanted to help fight the battles, my papa took his gun, and went into the army. And when there was a great battle, and men were shot down all around him, my papa stood beside the man that held the flag. And, when the man was killed, my papa would not let the flag fall, but took it in his own hands. Then the soldiers on the other side fired at the flag with a big cannon; and the ball took off my papa's leg. He was sick a long time; but he got a letter from his commander that said he was a brave man, and had done his

JENNY AND TIMOTHY WREN.

duty nobly. This is why I am proud of my papa's wooden leg."

Mattie and Bertie and Clay and Bell all thought that this was a pretty story; and Clay said, "Dempsey is right. He has something more to be proud of than any of us."

FANNIE.



JENNY AND TIMOTHY WREN.

SWEET little, neat little Miss Jenny Wren,
On a white hawthorn spray,
In the bright month of May,
Sat chirping so sweet,—
" Pewhit and pewheet,"
Where daisies unfold,
And kingcups of gold
Shine out on a glad May morning.

WHAT MAMIE DID.

Down-crested, brown-breasted Timothy Wren,
As he fluttered along,
Trilled the snatch of a song ;
Then chirruped her name
As near her he came,
And told of his love,
As meek as a dove,
To Jenny, that bright May morning.

“ Hear, Jenny, dear Jenny, sweet Jenny Wren :
If you’ll be my own wife,
I will love you through life ;
We’ll gather the moss,
Soft feathers, and floss ;
And build us a nest,
The neatest and best,
And sing through the bright May mornings.”

May blossoms, gay blossoms, curtained their nest :
Through the tiny mouse-hole,
Little Jenny she stole ;
There, of no one afraid,
Ten fine eggs she laid,
While Timothy dear
Sang blithely and clear,
“ How sweet are the bright May mornings ! ”

GEORGE BENNETT.



LILY'S SLEIGH-RIDE.



HERE I am, good folks ! How do you all do this bright winter morning ? I am pretty well, I thank you. My name is Lily ; and I have a story to tell you about a sleigh-ride.

You must know that yesterday afternoon Uncle John came in his sleigh to give us all a ride. He put me into the sleigh, and turned to put in my mother and the baby.

But before he could do this the old horse started and ran. Perhaps you

think I cried ; but I did not do any such thing. I took the reins, as I had seen Uncle John do ; and I pulled them tight, — oh, so tight ! — and said, “Whoa !”

The old horse did not mind me. On he went, faster and faster. There were big snow-drifts by the way ; and I thought he would spill me out of the sleigh, it tipped so to one side.

I passed some folks on the road, who seemed to think it odd to see a little girl like me driving a gay horse in a sleigh.

Soon I heard another sleigh behind me, coming very fast. But my horse did not like to have another horse go faster than he : so he began to gallop, and he galloped so that the folks in the sleigh behind me could not catch up with me for a long way.

LILY'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

At last they came up by my side ; and whom should I see but Uncle John ? " Hold on, Lily ! That's a brave little girl !" said Uncle John. But how to stop my horse he did not know.

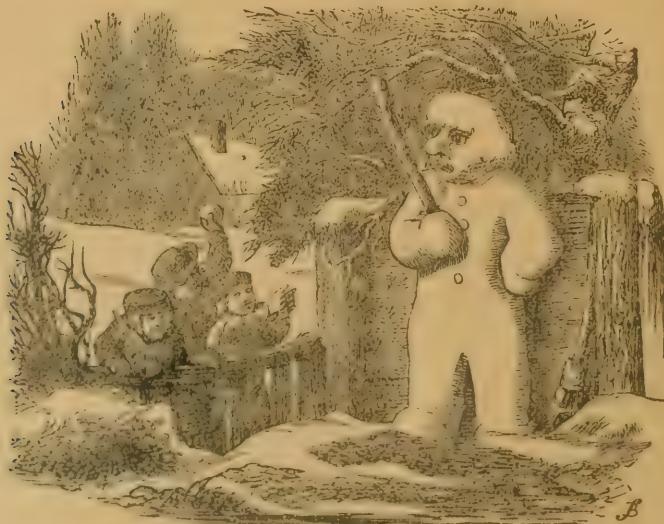
At last we came to a big snow-drift on the right side of the road ; and then Uncle John cried out to me, " Pull on the right rein, Lily, — on the right rein."

So I pulled on the right rein ; and what do you suppose the old horse did ? He turned and ran right into a snow-drift, and spilled me out into the snow.

Uncle John jumped out of his sleigh, and picked me up ; and another man who was with him stopped the horse.

Then we all went back ; and mother and I, and the baby, and my brother Charles, all got into the sleigh, and had a good long ride. On our way home we saw a great snow-man. He had a stick in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth ; and the boys were pelting him with snow-balls.

EMILY CARTER.



“CLEAR THE COAST!”

I have told before how Robert hoped that Santa Claus would bring him a sled; and how Robert woke on Christmas morning to find by his bedside a beautiful sled, painted red, with thick iron runners.

The next day he went with Uncle Charles to the hill on Boston Common, near Park Street, to see the boys coast. Here is a picture of the scene, drawn from life; and a very correct idea it will give you of the sport that may be witnessed in Boston after every snow-storm.

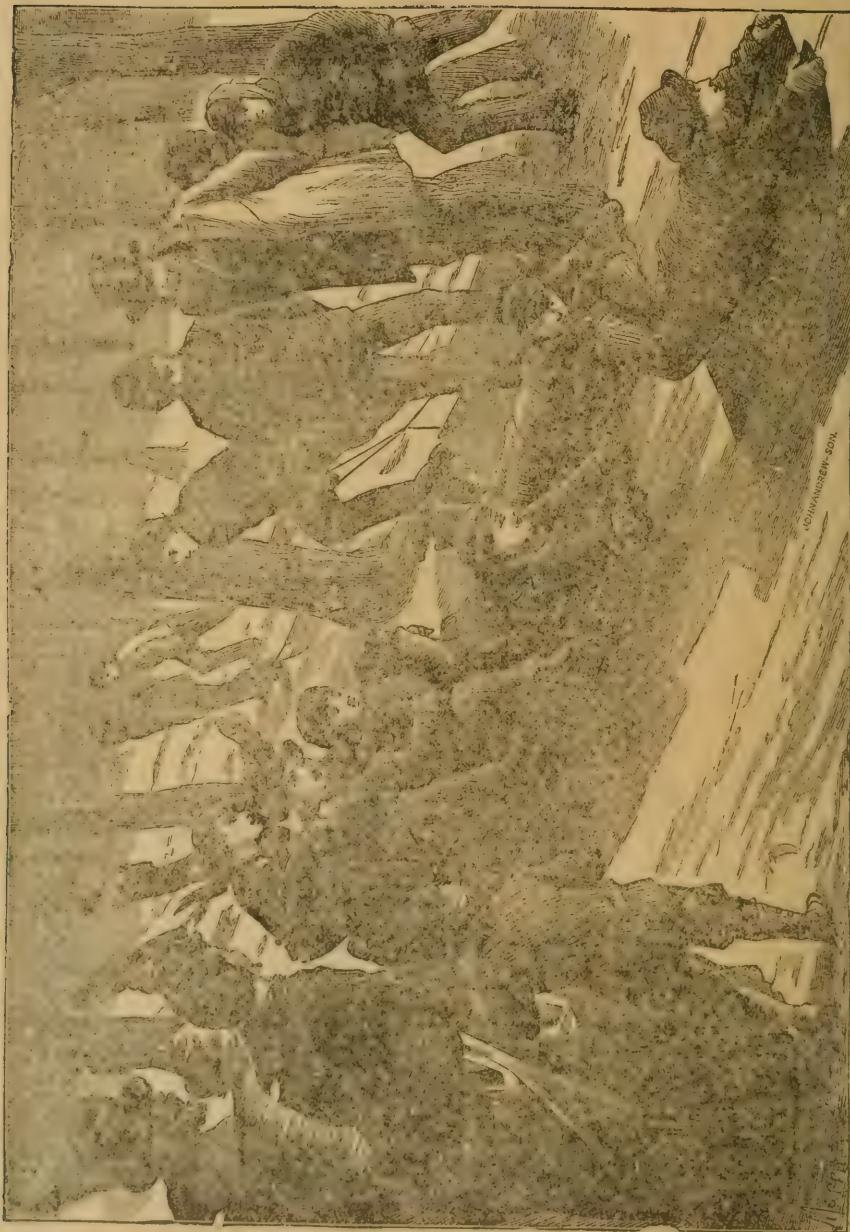
Robert had his sled with him; and as he stood with Uncle Charles, looking at the coasters, the little boy longed to be *of* them and *among* them. But Uncle Charles said, “You are not quite old enough yet to coast in public: you have not had practice enough.”

Then a big boy, who had been admiring Robert’s sled, stepped up and said, “I should like to try that sled, sir: I can take the little fellow on the sled in front of me. I will take good care of him, sir.”

Robert begged so hard to take his first lesson in coasting under the care of this big boy, that Uncle Charles at last consented; and in the picture you may see Uncle Charles waiting for the two boys to come along on the sled.

He could not see them at first: but in about five minutes down they came like the rush of a torrent; and little Robert, as he saw Uncle Charles, cried out as loud as he could, “Clear the coast, clear the coast!”

Uncle Charles clapped his hands: the ladies waved their handkerchiefs; and Robert felt quite proud, when, as he reached the bottom of the hill, some boys gathered round, and pronounced his sled “a first-rate runner.”



OUR NEW DOG.

That was a proud day for Robert; for, before he left the Common, he was allowed to coast once all alone; and he did it in such good style, that the big boy told him he would make a "prime coaster."

"What did he mean by a "*prime coaster*"? asked Robert. "He meant," said Uncle Charles, "that, with a little more practice, you will coast very well,—as well, perhaps, as he does himself."

ALFRED SELWYN.

OUR NEW DOG.

WE have a new dog. His name is Bright. He is only two years old. His master one day took the cars near our place for California; and poor Bright was left behind.

I met him at the railroad-station. He seemed to be in great distress. I had some bread in my hand, and offered him a piece. He was too sad to eat. I patted him on the head, and said, "Poor doggie, have you lost your master?"

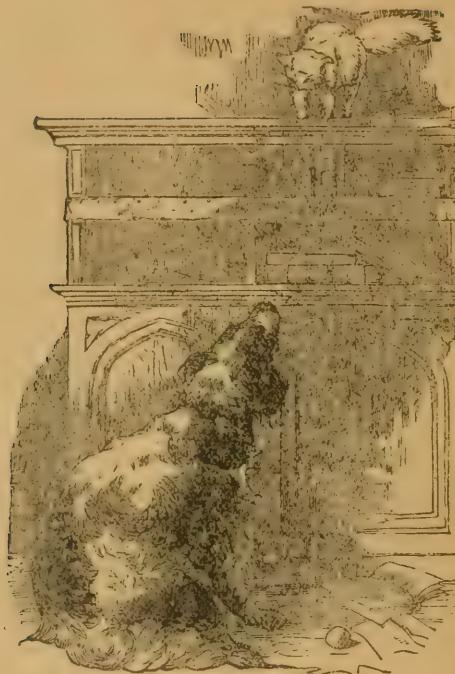
Bright howled as if he understood my question; and I believe he did. When I got home that day, I found that he had followed me. As I stood on the door-step, he fawned at my feet, and made a low, imploring noise, as if he would like to say, "Do be my master, and let me be your dog: I will be such a good dog!"

I understood what he wanted, and said, "Well, old fellow, you shall have your wish. I adopt you as my own dog."

Thereupon Bright wagged his tail, and barked, and put his fore-feet on my shoulders, and tried to lick my face. We understood each other now completely.

Bright seemed to understand that he must not only be good to me, but to all under my care. I had a little white kitten named Snow-drop. When she and Bright first met,

OUR NEW DOG.



she was so much afraid, that she leaped up on top of the bookcase to be out of his way.

It was amusing to see how he tried to coax her down, and to make her feel that he was her friend. Snow-drop mewed, and raised her back ; but Bright, by some good-natured half-barks and playful grunts, soon made her understand that he was one of the family, and bound to treat her well.

By and by Snow-drop left off mewing, and began to purr. Bright lay down on the carpet, and began flapping and brushing it in a half-circle with his tail. That meant play.

So Kitty at last came down ; and, when I left the room, she and Bright were having a grand frolic together. I know you would like my dog Bright if you could see him.

EDWIN BARTON.



A. STAUSS.

ALMOST LOST.

SOON after school had commenced, it began snowing so, that the mistress dismissed all the scholars, and they started for their homes.

Among the girls were two little sisters, Julia and Emily Burns, who lived a mile and a half from the schoolhouse, and had to cross a wide field, and pass through a wood, before they could reach the well-known road that led up to their own house.

ALMOST LOST.

They had an umbrella with them ; and Julia, the elder sister, had a leather bag on her arm, containing their luncheon. Soon the snow began to fall with blinding force : the wind blew, and they could not see their way.

They were by this time near the entrance to the wood. Emily began to cry with alarm ; but Julia said, “ Do not be afraid. See ! there is the little old shanty where the wood-choppers used to go in winter to eat their dinners. We will go in there, and stop till somebody comes for us.”

So they went in ; and, as good luck would have it, Julia found some matches in an old box on the shelf. There were plenty of pine-chips, too, lying in the corner of the one room, which was all that the shanty afforded.

Soon Julia had a merry fire blazing on the hearth ; then Emily began to laugh. They sat down on a log, and warmed themselves ; and Julia drew forth their luncheon from the leather bag, and they ate a hearty meal.

What do you suppose the sisters did after that ? Why, they began to sing songs, and tell stories, and repeat riddles ; and they were in the midst of this, when they heard the sound of voices.

“ Oh, dear ! what’s that ? ” cried Emily.

“ It sounds very much like papa’s voice, ” said Julia ; “ and that bow-wow sounds like the voice of old Tiger. Yes, here they come.”

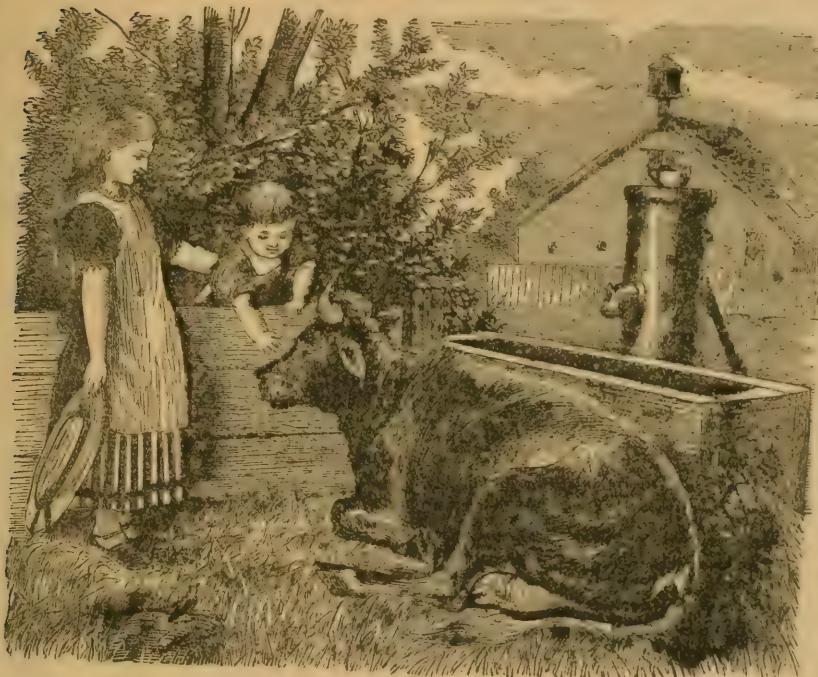
And the next moment the children’s father, with two big boys, sons of one of their neighbors, burst into the room ; and papa exclaimed, “ Why, you little rogues, how I have worried about you ! And here you are as comfortable as a mouse in a meal-bag ! ”

Then old Tiger began to frisk round them, and to jump up as if to kiss them. “ Down, old fellow ! ” said Mr. Burns : “ you told us where they were ; didn’t you, old Tiger ? ”

LITTLE MAY.

Tiger barked loudly, as much as to say, "Yes, I told you where they were; and I think I am the smartest dog that ever lived. Bow-wow! Of all the dogs ever told about in story books, I am the wisest, the bravest, the handsomest, and the best. Bow-wow!"

MARY ELMORE.



LITTLE MAY.

THERE were pigs and chickens and cows and a good old gray pony on the farm where little May lived.

May loved them all; and they all seemed to love her.

The cows, as they lay chewing their cud, would let the little girl pat them as much as she pleased. They never

LITTLE MAY.

shrank from the touch of her soft little hands. Sometimes papa would let May stand beside him when he milked. Then she would be sure to get a good saucer of milk to feed the kittens with. She was a great friend of all the cats.

She took great delight in feeding the chickens; and she even liked to throw bits to the pigs. It made her laugh to see piggy, with one foot in the trough, champing his food with such a relish.

Once she saw her papa scratch piggy's back with an old broom. So, a few days after, she thought she would try it; but, instead of getting an *old* broom, she took a nice new one, and, reaching over the side of the pen, managed to touch the pig's back with it.

Now, what do you think that ungrateful animal did? He caught the broom in his mouth, and began to chew it.

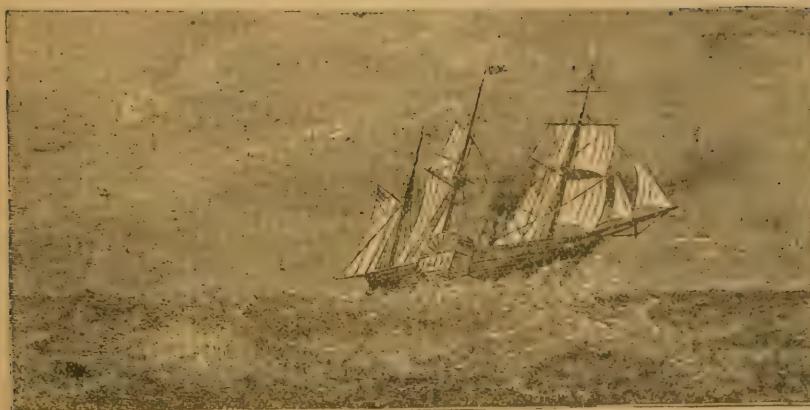
Off went May to her mother as fast as her little feet could carry her. "Mamma, mamma!" said she, "come quick. Oh, dear, dear! piggy is eating the broom."

To be sure, there was mamma's best carpet-broom all chewed down to a stub; and the pig was still eating away.

May cried then; but it was so very funny, that mamma only laughed, and by and by May laughed too. When papa got home, he was told the story, and it made him laugh.

May was almost ready to cry again; for she felt sorry, and she did not like to be laughed at. "There's nothing to cry about, darling," said her papa; "but don't try to scratch the pig's back again until I show you how to do it." *AUNT MAY.*





WHAT THE SHIP BROUGHT.

Oh, a happy new year to you all,
Good children, a happy new year!
To your fathers and mothers,
Your sisters and brothers,
To your grandpas and grandmas so dear.

It's a long way good wishes to send.—
Three thousand miles over the sea;
When the wild winds are roaring,
The rainstorms are pouring,
And the waves are like mountains to see.

May the good ship speed safe on its way,
Though the moon and the stars be unseen!
May the compass be steady,
The helmsman be ready;
And the captain all watchful and keen!

HOW SMART MANAGED THE SHEEP.

Oh, it's pleasant, dear children, the sea,
When the sky is all fair and serene,
With the breeze blowing lightly,
The sun shining brightly,
Or at night, when the clear moon is seen.

But now, at this "happy new year,"
In your homes and your nurseries bright,
Pray think how the vessel
With wild waves must wrestle,
Through the cold winter day and black night.

When you read the good wishes I send
Three thousand miles over the sea,
I would have you remember
'Twas in dreary December
The ship brought this greeting from me.

GEO. BENNETT.



HOW SMART MANAGED THE SHEEP.

SMART was a sheep-dog that belonged to a Mr. Scott, who lived in Scotland. On the large sheep-farms of that country a single shepherd often has the charge of from three to six thousand sheep.

The shepherd has with him usually two dogs; of these, one is the driving-out, the other the bringing-in dog. To the first the shepherd points out a number of sheep, and informs him by voice and action that he wishes him to drive them to a distant hill. The dog at once does as he is bid.

In the same way the shepherd informs the second dog

HOW SMART MANAGED THE SHEEP.



that a lot of sheep on a distant hill are to be brought to the spot on which he then stands; and off runs the second dog, and brings the sheep to his master.

Mr. Scott's dog Smart was so trained, that he would never frighten the sheep. In driving a flock from one pasture to another, the sheep would often take a wrong turn, and then scamper off as fast as they could go.

At such times it is the custom of shepherds to send a dog after them at the top of his speed. He is not long in overtaking them, when, if the weather be warm, and the lanes narrow and dusty, the sheep are much frightened, and not unfrequently are hurt.

Now, to prevent this, Mr. Scott would order his dog

HOW TWO BOYS PASSED CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Smart to go the other side of the hedge or fence, saying, “Now, go ahead, and bring them back, and take care not to frighten them.”

Smart would trot off so that the sheep should not see him, and in a short time would peep over or through the hedge. At length, when he had satisfied himself that he had got ahead of the sheep, he would come out gently in advance of them, and drive them back down the lane so quietly as not to give them the least alarm.

Smart would never attempt to go ahead of a flock in the usual way: he would manage so that the sheep should not know he was trying to get ahead of them. The picture will show you how he did. Was he not a wise dog?

UNCLE CHARLES.

HOW TWO BOYS PASSED CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THERE were two little boys who were cousins. One was named Richard; the other was named Paul. Richard lived where he could see from his chamber-window the Atlantic Ocean. There was a thick clump of trees at the back of his house; and in winter the ground in front would be often covered with snow.

Paul lived in Southern California, where, from his chamber-window, he could see the Pacific Ocean. He had a brother Harry and two sisters. It never snowed where he was: and he had no use for skates; for the water never froze.

Richard had a sister Mary, of whom he was very fond. Here is what Richard wrote to his Cousin Paul about his way of passing Christmas morning:—

“I wish you and Harry and the girls had been with us;

HOW TWO BOYS PASSED CHRISTMAS MORNING.



for we had a good time on the ice. I'll tell you what we did. As soon as we had breakfasted, I got out my sled 'Dauntless,' and told Mary to wrap up, and bring her skates along.

"She got ready, and took her seat on the sled. Tiger began to bark; for he saw that a frolic was on foot. Off we started to the pond. A dozen boys and girls were there before us. They had made a fire on an island in the middle of the pond. It was a cool, bracing day; but the wind didn't blow.

"Our island we called 'The Isle of Refuge.' Julia Peters named it. She has a knack at inventing names. The island is fifteen feet long by twelve wide; and it has a rock that makes a capital fireplace.

"We had a fine time. All the girls could skate well. Nobody broke through the ice; but some of us had falls.

HOW TWO BOYS PASSED CHRISTMAS MORNING.

No harm done. We thought of you, and wondered what you and the rest of our cousins in California might be about. I hope you will write me as you promised."

Well, Paul *did* write; and here is an extract from his letter: "We all woke early; for father had been out in a boat with some friends all night, and we were expecting them back. We dressed, and went down to the beach; and there, right in the face of the sun, we saw father's boat.

"Harry had a spyglass; and he knelt on the beach, and spied out father on the deck of the boat. Mother and the girls waved their handkerchiefs, while I jumped and shouted.

"It was a mild, lovely, morning,—so mild, that we wore our straw hats and light clothing. We thought of you; and I said, 'Wouldn't Richard like to be here, where Christmas morning opens as soft and warm as a day in June?'

"But Harry cried out, 'Don't you believe it! Richard is either coasting or skating; and I wish I were with him. How I would enjoy a high old time on the ice, and then a coast down hill over the snow! That's the fun for me!'

"'Well,' said mother, 'I am well content with this bright sunrise and this delicious air. I shall not sigh for the snow and ice.' 'Nor I!' 'Nor I!' shouted Laura and Kate: so you see Harry was in a minority.

"Father soon landed in his boat; and then we all went back to the house and had breakfast. After breakfast we had a merry time at croquet, and then a still merrier time at foot-ball.

"As Kate will write her Cousin Mary all about the Christmas-tree, and the things that Santa Claus brought, I shall not touch on that subject. Now I hope, Cousin Richard, you have not forgotten your promise to write me."

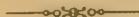
Here were two little boys belonging to the same grand country,—one writing from the shore of the Pacific, where

WHY THE HORSES JUMPED OVERBOARD.



all was balm and sunshine on Christmas morning ; and the other writing from the shore of the Atlantic, where it was cold enough to skate. What an idea does this give of the extent of our favored land, and the wonderful variety of its climates and its products !

EMILY CARTER.



WHY THE HORSES JUMPED OVERBOARD.

THERE were two fine horses. Here is a picture of them. One was named Albion, and the other Erin. Albion was the white horse, of course ; for the word "Albion" is derived from the Latin *albus*, white ; and England got the name of Albion because of its white chalky cliffs by the sea.

Well, these two fine horses belonged to Mr. Ducrow, who kept a circus. They were on board a steamer bound for Newhaven in England. They had been out at sea several

WHY THE HORSES JUMPED OVERBOARD.



days; and they longed to have a frolic on the green land, and have a bite at some good crisp grass.

So, when they saw the land quite near, what did they do but leap overboard, and swim towards it! But the groom who took care of them sprang instantly after them, and kept swimming beside them, guiding and cheering them.

As soon as they got out of the water, and felt the green turf under them, they snorted and gambolled, and showed their joy in various ways. How nice the green grass must have tasted to them! and what fun it must have been to lie down and have a good roll on the ground!

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BUBBLE.



HE papa who writes this biography of a bubble never wrote a biography before in all his life. This is his first printed work. Perhaps some old person will criticise it severely.

“Why use such big words as ‘biography’ and ‘criticise’?” this old person may ask. “Are you not writing for little people? Is not your subject a poor little bubble that could not have lived longer than three or four seconds?”

To which this papa replies: “Old person, do not meddle. This papa knows what he is about. The little folks understand very well that a ‘biography’ is a story of a life; that to ‘criticise’ is to find fault; and that a ‘critic’ is a fault-finder.”

So all critics will please get out of the way, and leave this papa alone while he writes the biography of a bubble.

This bubble was born just as the clock struck four, on the afternoon of the 13th of January, —. Its name was “Diamond.”

“Why, how could a bubble have a name?”

Now, you just be quiet and patient, and in good time you shall learn all. Papa had promised his little daughter Grace, that one of these days he would blow some bubbles for her amusement.

Grace reminded him several times of his promise; but papa was always too busy to attend to it. At last Grace said, “When will *one of these days* come?” — “It shall come now,” said papa.

So he got a pipe, and a bowl of soap-suds; and Grace stood at his knee while he blew bubbles. Grace was delighted.



THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BUBBLE.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BUBBLE.

“Name them,” said she; for papa had named her kittens, and she thought he could name the bubbles.

The first one’s name was “Sparkle.” It was a very big bubble; but it did not live long. The name of the second was “Glory.” I think it might have lived a second longer than it did, if Grace had not touched it with her finger.

The third bubble floated up almost to the ceiling. Its name was “Napoleon.” It rose as bravely as if it had no fear of breaking. It expired of old age, after reaching the term of ten seconds and a half.

At last, just as the clock struck four, little “Diamond” appeared. She was a delicate little thing, and bright with all the colors of the rainbow. She was not proud like the other bubbles. She did not try to mount. Perhaps papa’s breath made her go as she did.

Grace admired “Diamond” very much. “Why, see, papa! She is coming to kiss me,” said the little girl; — “she is on my cheek.”

Yes, little “Diamond” ended her life on the cheek of innocence. What better end could she have had? Was it not much better than mounting to the cold, white ceiling, and living to a dull old age, like the big bubble whose name was Napoleon?

GRACE’S PAPA.

—○○○—



DREAMING AND DOING.

AMY was a dear good girl in many things; but she had one bad habit: she was too apt to waste time in dreaming of doing, instead of doing.

In the village where she lived, Mr. Thornton kept a small shop, where he sold fruit of all kinds, including berries in their season.

One day he said to Amy, "Would you like to make some money?"

"Of course I would!" said Amy; "for my dear mother often has to deprive herself of things she needs, so that she may buy shoes or clothes for me."

"Well, Amy, I noticed some fine ripe blackberries along by the stone walls in Mr. Green's five-acre lot; and he said that I or anybody else was welcome to them. Now, if you will pick the ripest and best, I will pay you sixteen cents a quart for them."

Amy was delighted at the thought, and ran home and got her basket, and called her little dog Quilp, with the intention of going at once to pick the blackberries.

Then she thought she would like to find out, with the aid of her slate and pencil, how much money she should make, if she were to pick five quarts. She found she should make eighty cents,—almost enough to buy a new calico dress.

"But supposing I should pick a dozen quarts: how much should I earn then?" So she stopped and figured that out. "Dear me! It would come to a dollar and ninety-two cents!"

Amy then wanted to know how much fifty, a hundred, two hundred, quarts would give her; and then, how much she should get if she were to put thirty-two dollars in the savings bank, and receive six per cent interest on it.



DREAMING AND DOING.

BOBOLINK

Quilp grew very impatient, but Amy did not heed his barking ; and, when she was at last ready to start, she found it was so near to dinner-time that she must put off her enterprise till the afternoon.

As soon as dinner was over, she took her basket, and hurried to the five-acre lot ; but a whole troop of boys from the public school were there before her. It was Saturday afternoon. School did not keep ; and they were all out with their baskets.

Amy soon found that all the large ripe berries had been gathered. Not enough to make up a single quart could she find. The boys had swept the bushes clean. All Amy's grand dreams of making a fortune by picking blackberries were at an end. Slowly and sadly she made her way home, recalling on the way the words of her teacher, who once said to her, "One doer is better than a hundred dreamers."

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



BOBOLINK.

BOBOLINK, Bobolink !
Are you tipsy with drink ?
Or why do you swagger round so ?
You've a nest in the grass
Somewhere near where I pass,
And fear I'll molest it, I know.

Bobolink, Bobolink !
Do you think, do you think,
I'd trouble your dear little nest ?
Oh ! I would not do that ;
For I am not a cat :
So please let your mind be at rest.

AUNT CLARA.



THE DONKEY AND THE DOG.

IN A LETTER FROM MARY, AGED TEN, TO ARTHUR, AGED EIGHT.

MY DEAR COUSIN ARTHUR,—In France, where I now am, I often see many queer sights. You do not often see a donkey in New York, do you? Well, here I see ever so many.

Sometimes I see a big man riding on the back of a poor little donkey, who does not weigh so much as the man himself. It is a funny sight; and I should pity the donkey, if the little fellow did not seem quite content under his burden.

On the backs of almost all the donkeys you meet, you

HOW PETER LEARNED TO DRESS.

will see two big panniers, or baskets ; and into these their drivers put all sorts of things,—meat, fruit, wood, stone, every thing that they want to carry from place to place.

Often you will see an old, old woman driving a donkey to market, with baskets all filled ; and, as the old woman walks along the road, she will employ her time by knitting.

The other day I saw an old woman picking up from the street all the waste matter she could use for fertilizing her garden. She would put it in the big baskets borne by her donkey ; for she did not like to go home with empty baskets.

I saw, too, a much prettier sight. I saw a donkey beside a gate, and there was a little girl seated in one of the baskets he bore. A can of milk stood on the ground ; and a dog sat by, having in his mouth the reins by which the donkey was held. Was it not queer ?

HOW PETER LEARNED TO DRESS HIMSELF.

WHEN Peter was seven years old, his mamma said that the nurse must not come in the morning to wash and dress him : it was quite time he should learn to dress himself.

So he got up half an hour earlier. Yes, it took him all that time, even though the clothes were laid very carefully on the chair over night.

How hard it was to find the heel of those long stockings ! and then to get the little shirt on so that the slit would come in front ! and then, oh, dear, dear ! to button it !

It was some time, too, before Peter could part his hair himself. And when he came to his neck-tie, he said he must

HOW PETER LEARNED TO DRESS.

be helped. So his mamma tied a piece of string on a chair, and taught him to tie a knot on that. And so, at last, he managed to dress himself. Here is a picture of him making his toilet.

When Peter came down to breakfast, looking fresh and neat, all the family thought he had grown bigger; for he



looked like a little man. His porridge tasted very nice that morning.

And when he went off to school, he stepped proudly, as much as to say, "Don't you all see, boys and girls, I dressed myself to-day? I am not a baby any longer. I am a big boy. And I mean to try and do as well as I can at school. I can read in little words now; and I can read some big-print stories. I do, really, and truly."

AUNT MARY.

THE WATER-LILIES.

“O DEAR papa, do please say yes!
I want so much to go:
Do hire the boat upon the lake,
And have a pleasant row!”

“Now here we are. Sit very still,
And do not rock the boat;
And I will cull the lilies fair
Which on the water float.

“How very pure and white they are!
They shine within like gold.
I'll pick some buds, and you shall see
The pretty leaves unfold.

“The silvery ripples come and go,
As through the lake we glide.
I like to hear the plashing oars
Make music at our side.

“But see! the hills are crimson-tipped;
The sun sinks down the west;
The little birdie homeward flies
To seek his quiet nest.

“My little boy must homeward go,
And rest his curly head.
Dear Father, may thy angels keep
Sweet watch around his bed!”

DOGS AND DOCTORS.

THERE was once a good doctor who took a lame dog home and cured him. This doctor soon had a visit from the same dog, who brought another dog who had hurt his foot.

And so the good doctor had to cure this sec'ond dog also. You may see a pic'ture of the two dogs at the doctor's door. Was it not odd for a doctor to have a dog for a patient?

Not long ago, one eve'ning, as I sat writing, the door-bell rang. I opened the door, and a man asked, "Is the doctor at home?"

"No," said I; "but he will be back soon."

The man had a dog with him; and this dog came into the en'try and smelt round, and then went off with him.

I sat down again, but had not been seat'ed more than half an hour, when I heard a whin'ing and scratch'ing at the door.

I thought, "Well, here is old Boz." Boz is a dog who lives near by, and comes in at times. So I opened the door. But, in-stead of Boz, the dog who had come with the man a short time be-fore ran in.

He jumped up on me, smelt of my clothes, and then ran all round the room, smell'ing and snuff'ing here and there.

Still he was not sat'is-fied, but kept whi'ning, and look'ing up at me, as much as to say, "You are not the doctor! Where is the doctor?"

At last he went to the door of the doctor's study, and scratched till we let him in.

But, on seeing that the doctor was not there, he scratched

DOGS AND DOCTORS.

to get out, and then ran off to his master to tell him, as well as a dog could, that the doctor was not at home.



Was he not a good dog to come a second time to the house to find the doctor? How did he know that his master wanted the doctor?

A. N.

GRANDMOTHER HAS COME.

It was a cold, cold day in December. The children were in a high state of glee because they were to have a Christmas-tree; and it was to be hung with red and blue candles, and with all sorts of gifts for the young friends of the family.

School did not keep. It was the day before Christmas. The tree stood in a great green tub in the hall. Mary and her brothers had been busy making it ready for the evening.

All at once there was a sound of sleigh-bells; and Arthur cried out, "Halloo! Grandma is coming. She will bring lots of things for our tree. She will bring a big basket all full of dolls and guns and Jim Crows and wooden-horses. Now, you see if I am not right."

Arthur ran to the door, and little Peter after him. True enough, it was Grandmother Blake who had come; and she had a big basket with her as Arthur had guessed. Henry brought it up, and put it on the carpet in the parlor; while Mary led grandmother in, and placed her in a chair, and began to help her off with her bonnet and shawl.

Arthur was the first to take a peep at the things in the basket. He saw a doll and a sheep and a watch, and I know not how many other toys, but could not find a pistol. He had set his heart on a pistol.

"Now, children," said Grandmother Blake, "sit down, and I will tell you why I did not bring two baskets full of toys instead of one. As I sat in the toy-shop, I saw a poor woman who used to wash clothes for me come in.

"She did not see me; but I heard her tell the shopkeeper that she was going to have all the poor children in her street

GRANDMOTHER HAS COME.

at a party that night at her house, and she would like as many toys as he could let her have for twenty-five cents.

“The shopkeeper asked, ‘How many toys do you expect to get for that sum?’



“‘I would like about thirty,’ said the poor woman.

“The shopkeeper laughed, and said, ‘Toys are dear now-a-days: I could not make up much of a variety for twenty-five cents.’

GRANDMOTHER HAS COME.

“‘But you can for six dollars,’ said I; ‘so put up as many as that amount will buy, and send it to this woman’s house.’

“The woman turned round and saw me; and you should have seen how glad she looked when she found she was going to have so many toys to give away. ‘O Mrs. Blake, I do so thank you!’ she said. ‘I have a little boy and girl at home who will almost go out of their wits at the sight.’

“The man filled two baskets with toys, and sent them to the woman’s house for her to give them to all the poor children. I peeped in at her window as I went by; and I saw two children quite wild with joy at the sight of the things. Be sure the little folks of that street will have a fine time this evening.”

“You did right, grandmother,” said Mary and Henry.

But Arthur said, “Do you think there was a pistol among the toys the man sent to the poor woman? Because, if there was, I would like to exchange one of these watches for a pistol.”

“I do not approve of pistols or fire-arms of any kind,” said Grandmother Blake. “If you ever aim a pistol (even a sham pistol) at any one, in fun, I shall not like it. Many persons have been killed in that foolish way.”

“Well, grandmother, I will be content without my pistol, since you wish it,” said Arthur.

Then the children led her into the hall; and there they unpacked the basket, and took out the toys, and hung them on the tree; and Grandmother Blake seemed all the while just as gay and young as the children themselves.

“Children,” said she, “remember this: the best way to have a merry Christmas is to try to make others merry. May God bless you, my dear children!”

IDA FAY.



TEA AND COFFEE.

TEA and coffee are put on the table every day ; but I think that some of us do not know how they grow. Here is a picture of a tea-plant and a coffee-plant. Now, you must guess which is which. I think you cannot mis-take them.

Tea is grown in Chi'na and Ja-pan. We have what is called green tea, and what is called black tea. These may both be from the same plant ; only the leaves of one may be plucked when green, and of the other when ripe.

Coffee grows in Cu'ba and South America and Arabia ; also in the Sand'wich Islands, and in many other places.

MOTHER'S GOOD-NIGHT.

It is brought to us in ships from all these far-off lands.
The coffee-tree is kept at a height of five feet. The flowers
grow in clus'ters at the root of the leaves, and close to the
branch'es. They are of a pure white, and of a nice o'dor.

The fruit, which is a ber'ry, grows in clus'ters a-long the
branch'es, and un'der the leaves. To make coffee into a
drink, the ber'ry is first roast'ed, and then ground in a mill
and boiled.

It was not till the year 1652 that the use of coffee as a
drink be-gan in France. The best coffee is said to be the
Mo'cha coffee, from Arabia Fe'lix.



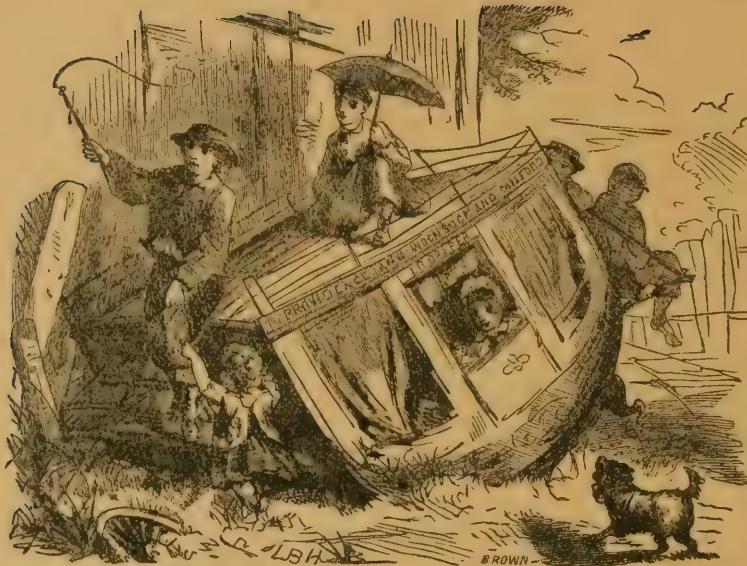
MOTHER'S GOOD-NIGHT.

WHAT ails little Kate as she sits down to rest ?
What makes the head droop on the plump little breast ?
Her eyelids are heavy, she hardly can wink ;
But she says, " She's not sleepy : she's *trying to think !*"

So, nodding and sighing, she soon is undressed,
And her fat little cheek to the pillow is pressed :
Her playthings and *sorrows* are all put away,
And sweetly unconscious she'll slumber till day.

A prayer for our darling is whispered, " that He
Who loved little children her Saviour would be,
Protecting from danger and sorrow ; " and then
Little Kate says her prayer, which is only "Amen."

Around her dear mouth now there plays a sweet smile :
Like a touch of warm sunshine, it lingers awhile ;
And dreamland's unfolding its visions so bright ;
So mamma will kiss baby Katie *good-night !*



THE RIDE TO BOSTON.

“COACH all ready for Boston !” shouts William as he climbs up to the driver’s seat, and pulls hard at the reins, and cracks his whip. You see the coach, do you not ? but where are the horses ? I think there must be some ; for it seems to take all William’s strength to hold them in. It is hard work to drive a stage-coach.

Mary and her little dolly are the only passengers inside. Dolly’s health is poor, and her mamma is taking her to Boston to see the doctor. Mary has on an elegant bonnet, which she found in a bandbox in the garret. I hope it does not make her feel proud.

Rachel thinks it much nicer to ride on top of the coach, where she can have a fine view of all the places they pass through. She has her mother’s parasol, which will keep the sun from burning her.

THE BIG SNOW-BALL.

James and Harry are on behind. I wonder if William knows they are there. If he does, I think he is too kind-hearted to drive them off, even though they have no pennies with which to pay for a ride.

Frisk barks at the coach, as dogs are so fond of doing; and little Mary tries to climb up by her brother William's side. She does not want to be left behind this fine day, when all the boys and girls are going to Boston. Look out, little Mary, and do not get run over.

"I do not believe they are going at all," says my little Margaret, who looks over my shoulder; "for see, the coach has only one wheel, and that is off! They are only playing, just as I do on the old coach back of the barn."

What do you think of it, little reader?

L. B. H.



THE BIG SNOW-BALL.

SEE what a big snow-ball the boys have made! It is so big they can-not lift it, but they can roll it.

Boys, when you throw snow-balls, do not make them so hard as to hurt when they hit. I have known a boy to have his eye put out by a hard snow-ball.



BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY A CHILD IN THE BRITISH NATIONAL ORPHAN-HOME, 1861.

Beautiful ground on which we tread,
Beautiful heavens above our head,
Beautiful flowers and beautiful trees,
Beautiful land and beautiful seas !

Beautiful sun that shines so bright,
Beautiful stars with glittering light,
Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,
Beautiful birds that merrily sing !

Beautiful lambs that frisk and play,
Beautiful night and beautiful day,
Beautiful all the plants that grow,
Beautiful winter, beautiful snow !

Beautiful drops of pearly dew ;
Beautiful river, bright and blue ;
Beautiful herbs that scent the air,
Beautiful objects everywhere !

Beautiful every thing around, —
Beautiful grass to deck the ground ;
Beautiful lakes and woods and fields, —
Beautiful all the green earth yields.

Beautiful bud and beautiful leaf ;
Beautiful world, though full of grief ;
Beautiful every tiny blade, —
Beautiful all that the Lord hath made !



RAIN IN THE WOODS.

THE children had been with me in the woods in search of wild flowers when a shower came on all at once. We were in the thickest part of the woods. We found a dry place on some rocks where the moss grew thick, and there we took our seats.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle, came down the rain ; and then patter, patter, patter ; and at last some big drops began to drip through the leaves over our heads.

“It is time to leave this place, children,” said I: “I know

RAIN IN THE WOODS.

a little hut near by, which the men who cut logs here in winter sometimes use to sleep and eat in. Let us go there."

"That will be fine fun," cried Charles. "We can make a fire there, and dry our clothes."

"Yes, Aunt Mary, it will be fine fun," said little Henry, the youngest of our party.

So, as Susan and May were willing, we left our shelter under the trees, and ran to the hut. Much to my joy, I found two young men there, whom I knew. They had been catching trout in the brooks near by, and had built a fire to cook them. They invited us to take supper with them.

We were all so hungry, and the trout were so fresh, that we did not have to be asked twice. I became the cook of the party. We found some clean shingles, which served for plates; and we found some mugs to drink out of.

Before we sat down to our meal, a poor woman came along with a basket of large ripe blackberries. I bought all she had; and she said I had saved her a tramp of three miles to town. So she felt happy and rich; and the young men gave her six fine large trout to take home for her husband's supper.

We asked her to stop and eat with us; but she said, "No: the rain is nearly over, and I must get home in time to set the table for tea for my old man, who has been hard at work all day, and who will be overjoyed to see these nice fish."

By the time the rain had stopped, and a bright rainbow had come out on the sky, I had got our supper ready. We all sat down, for there were boards to sit on; and we had a nice feast on fresh trout and blackberries.

It was six o'clock when we got home. The children slept sound that night, you may be sure. In their prayers, they did not forget to thank our heavenly Father for all his good gifts to his creatures.

AUNT MARY.

